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Sunday, July 19, 1936



Seven Types of American Girls - No. 1 - Vanity Painted for This Page
by Zoe Mozart

"Doggy" Fashions That Thrill London Nightclubbers

THE wise impresario of the floor show which recently opened at the London Casino, one of the smartest of the night clubs of the British capital, remembered that the English are extremely fond of dogs and, despite all reports to the contrary, appreciative of beautiful women.

For the number-one of the highlights of the show, listed on the program as "Ladies and Their Dogs," eight comely chorines and as many thoroughbred dogs of different breeds were collected and outfitted to provide an eye-filling combination of beauty, content, fashion pageant and dog show. The customers went for the offering in a large way. Considerable

swell for the success of the parade of femininity, plus caninity, goes to the designer of the costumes which were inspired by the dogs. As the maker of the ensembles jokingly explained, "It was easier to match the clothes of the girls to the dogs than it was to take feminine fashions as the starting point and attempt to remodel the dogs."

Miss Veronique, the chorine at the extreme left of the page, is wearing a get-up that matches her perfectly to her French poodle. Her black hat, collar and her dull satin dress cleverly duplicate the appearance of the dog with its alternate areas of black hair and closely clipped hide.

Andree Poupon, "The Girl with the Scottie," is arrayed in a bright plaid dress, symbolizing the Land of the Heather, and wears a hat, wide belt and train of the same dark tones as the dog's rough coat.

The most regal of the girl-and-dog teams is composed of Miss Kay Young and her sad-faced Russian wolfhound, and the show girl who draws the most smiles is Miss Elise Chopin, whose partner in the pleasing procession is a square-faced wire-haired terrier.

The pompons on her skirt are clever imitations of the rough pelt of the dog, and the forward pitch of her hat is intended to suggest the general long-headed appearance of the terrier.

The spotted dress of Miss Vega Ap is, of course, dictated by the pelt of her Great Dane.

Usually the dogs are as well behaved as their pretty mistresses. But now and then they forget they are actors in a spectacle and attempt to mug in a free-for-all. Such brawls are stopped all too soon for some of the patrons.



Above—Miss Veronique and the French Poodle She Parades in the Show at the London Casino. Her Outfit Cleverly Matches the Dog. The Chorine at the Right, the One With the Scottie, Is Miss Andree Poupon. Like Her Canine Partner, She Has a Black Tail, and Her Costume Is Appropriately Fashioned of Silk in a Scotch Plaid Pattern.



The Designer Didn't Do Quite So Well by Miss Elise Chopin as by Some of the Other Ladies of the Ensemble, But There Are Points of Comparison Between the Wire-haired Terrier and Her Dress. The Projection of Her Hat Suggests the Terrier's Long Nose and the Pompons on the Skirt Are Rough and Curly Like the Pup's Pelt.

No One Could Miss the Fact That the Spotted Ensemble Worn by Miss Vega Ap Was Inspired by the Mottled Great Dane She Poses With in the Clever Fashion Number Listed on the Program as "Ladies and Their Dogs."

Married Students Smarter Than Single Ones

MANY a would-be philosopher has pointed out that the advantages and responsibilities of marriage do not mix well with the pursuit of knowledge. When a man is young and trying to absorb information and culture, it seems, he cannot concentrate on the text of books or the words of lecturing professors if his thoughts are roaming to the spectacle of his wife in a pink negligee or the problem of meeting the rent and grocery bill.

That marriage and education can't be successfully combined, however, is interestingly and emphatically denied by the powers-that-be on the campus of the University of Iowa. A recent survey of the students revealed that more than 300 couples are living on the campus and managing to do a good job at their studies despite the alleged distractions and problems of double life.

"In almost every case," says Robert E. Rehnold, dean of men, and Adelaide Burge, dean of women, "the scholastic grades of students married while attending school improve after they acquire the responsibility of marriage."

This turned out to be news for a lot of critics of present-day college life who have maintained that it's bad for men and women

to marry too young, anyway, and especially if they haven't finished their education and picked up a diploma to help them get a start in this hard-boiled world.

"The chief problems that married students face," says Dean Burge, "is the question of financing their lives together. Many of them have a hard time of it making ends meet, but others have told me that they can live more cheaply in a small apartment together than separately in fraternity and sorority houses. I wouldn't pretend to say that this proved the old saying that two can live as cheaply as one; I'm merely passing on what some of the students have confided to me."

The faculty of the university does not recommend that students marry on the chance of stepping up their mental faculties, for they know, as well as anyone, that marriage these days is a gamble, even for men and women who have been graduated from college. They do not, however, presume to discourage youngsters who are lured to the altar by the tender emotion.



The Most Regal Girl-and-Dog Team in the London Show. The Girl Is Miss Kay Young, and the Dog, of Course, Is a Blue-blooded Russian Wolfhound. The Headpiece and Curly Are Made of Fur That Matches the Wolfhound, and the Rather Daring White Satin Evening Gown Is Almost Exactly the Tone of the Pup's Sleek Fur.

A Buyer At Last for Maine's "Hoodooed" Island

THE fishermen of the Maine coast are a hard-headed lot who place little store by tales of the supernatural, but they shake their heads when they talk about Wood Island in the mouth of the Saco River and predict that Edward T. Hyde, the Biddeford man who recently bought it, will build a big city on 35 or 40 acres of rocks and bushes. For more than a century the island has been "hoodooed" in the mind of the natives in that section of the State—and the record provides considerable justification for their point of view.

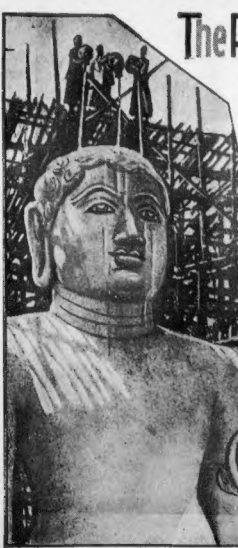
The island, they say, got off to a bad start in 1808, when the country's thirteenth lighthouse was built on it. Then the built was covered with vegetation almost tropical. In the late 1860's a gale sent the sea sweeping over the island and all but denuded it. What growth that was left was, soon after, destroyed by fire.

Half a century ago two men who had squatted on Wood Island got into a brawl. One killed the other and

then committed suicide. Another fisherman who isolated himself on the island, went insane with loneliness and took his life on his last of his few trips ashore.

The fishermen might overlook these unpleasant incidents if they didn't know how many ships have been wrecked on the island's rocky shore. Forty years ago three vessels piled up there with the loss of many lives. Twenty years before that a schooner drifted ashore in a dead calm, its crew stricken with snailpox. The bleached bones of at least three other ships mark the island as a place of evil memory. Fishermen seldom set foot on it, and, in recent years, even the gulls have given it a wide berth. That, in itself, is enough to convince the Maine coasters that the island is "hoodooed."

Mr. Hyde, the new owner, just smiles when people talk to him about Wood Island and says he has yet to see his first jinx.



Worshippers of the Two-Thousand-Year-Old God Gommata. One of the Biggest Idols in the World and a Landmark in Southern India, Pouring Melted Butter Over the Statue.

The Pagan God That Gets a Shower Bath of Melted Butter Every 15 Years

IN the whole boiling melting pot that is India—a land of many sects and strange idols—there is no spectacle, religious or otherwise, to compare with the pilgrimage to the holy hill at Sravans-Belgoia which takes place every 15 years.

This hill, a squat mountain of solid rock rising from the flat lands of the Pallitana Province in Southern India, has at its summit a statue of a pagan god that has been one of the wonders of the world for more than 18 centuries. This statue, beautifully carved from black stone, is 70 feet high and, according to legend, was completed by one Channunda Raja in 60 B. C. It is worshipped as a likeness of the god Gommata, patron saint of a sect called the Jains, dissenters from Hinduism and numbering a million followers. Once every 15 years some 60,000 Jains, among them many hundreds of the wealthiest merchants in India, trek into Pallitana Province from every section of the sprawling country to pay strange and expensive tribute to their monastic deity.

For a day or two the pilgrims pitch camp at the base of the holy hill, set up scaffolding that completely surrounds the huge sculpture from its feet to the top of its weather-beaten head and then get on with as curious a rite as exists in the world today. Just why they do it is a mystery that goes back before the dawn of the Christian era, but a selected

number of the Jains mount the staging about their great stone god and pour jar after jar of melted butter down over its serene face and its broad shoulders. The thick liquid is called "ghee" or "ghr" and it is supposed to please the idol no end.

When this ceremony begins, after preliminaries carried out according to ancient ritual, a great walling outcry bursts from 60,000 devout throats and the din is heard for miles.

During the gorge-on that precedes the butter bath, high priests of the cult go through the motions of making supposedly minute astronomical observations. The moon and the sun have to be just so before the proper time comes to carry the buckets of butter up the scaffolding and dump the oily liquid over Gommata.

When the hour for the beginning of the

bath is set, the richest of the pilgrims gather close by the feet of the statue and make a business deal to determine which of them shall be privileged to go aloft and wash the 70-foot image chiseled from a solid block of stone. Not a word is spoken until guards have seen that no outsider is in the vicinity. Then the bidding begins and the highest bidders get the job. It is said that many a well-to-do merchant has willingly paid over \$50,000 for the thrill of emptying one small bucket of "ghee" over the graven locks of his god.

The statue, despite its great height and bulk, is a masterpiece of carving and the sculptor incorporated several details dictated by the ancient creed of the Jains. For example, the ponderous legs of the figure rest on an oversize representation of the holy lotus. Vines entwined the legs and arms, as evidence that the saint is forever sunk in deep meditation. His body is a thing of beauty and strength, connoting prodigious physical power and esthetic grace. The sculptor made the god nude to show, the high priests of the cult teach their followers, that Gommata has no respect for worldly goods, for vain display.

Some years ago the Jains found themselves involved in a row with Thakur Sahab, ruler of Pallitana Province. They had some difficulty in convincing the poo-bah that the big statue and, various

temples on the holy hill were entirely theirs. For the pilgrimage of the worshippers the ruler exacted heavy payment and even taxed the jewels in their shrines.

The upshot of the argument was this: Thakur Sahab removed the levy on the Jains holy property, stopped charging pilgrims for bringing baggage into the province and cut the tax on the holy hill and all its treasures to a mere \$22,500 a year, which is no trouble at all for the wealthy members of the numerous sect.



Pilgrims at the Feet of the Stone God During the Strange Butter Bath That the Jains, a Wealthy Religious Sect, Give the Seventy-Foot-High Likeness of Their Idol Once Every Fifteen Years.

Church Has Pew For Fishermen

THE other day Dr. Raman B. Ogilby, president of Trinity College, which is in Hartford, Connecticut, dedicated a strange new pew as can be found in any house of worship in this country.

The pew, ornamented with a skilfully-carved end, was presented to the chapel by a group of fishermen who declined to divulge their names. Some of the students gathered in the chapel ventured to guess that the donors were trying to ease their consciences for the Sundays they had forsaken divine service to dangle baited hooks in the water.

Anyway, the end of the pew, a panel of carved oak, has a bar-rel of Isak Walton, the dean of anglers, sitting on the bank of a brook with a handspike

trout mated on the end of his line. And, to give the pew a somewhat more religious tone, the artist also included the likenesses of the Apostles Peter and Andrew seated in a fishing boat.

Dr. Ogilby, in a dedicatory address, spoke of the ancient and honorable business of fishing as a means of livelihood and as sport. He was reminded of "the greatest fish story ever told."

"I am referring," he said, "to the tale told by some ancient chronicler in the Bible when the fish caught the man. That's news."

Whether the special pew for fishermen will induce anglers to come to the chapel more often remains to be seen. It's hard for any disciple of Isak Walton to take time away from his avocation on pleasant Sundays.

Which of the 8 Kinds of Mistresses Was The 1st?



1—A Woman in Authority.

2—The Title of a Married Woman.

3—In English Law, a Gentleman's Wife.

4—One Who Unlawfully Fills a Wife's Place.

5—A Woman Beloved; a Sweetheart.

6—A Woman Who Has Mastered Anything.

7—In Scotland, the Title of a Wife.

8—A Patroness.

Seventy-Seven-Year-Old Mr. William Pierre Stymus, Jr., Whom She Is Suing for \$196,600 on One of Those Odd Youth-and-Old-Age Contracts, Tells the Court He Knows Which Kind, but She Says He'll Have to Prove It

IF A WOMAN makes a contract to be a man's mistress it is illegal and she cannot sue for damages in case the man does not keep his end of the illegal bargain.

The Appellate Division of the New York State Supreme Court agreed unanimously that seventy-seven-year-old millionaire William Pierre Stymus, Jr., had set up a good defense against beautiful blonde Thelma Reardon, former moving picture actress, \$196,600 breach-of-contract suit when he said that she was not his nurse and companion, but only his mistress.

Thelma's lawyer, Meyer Levy, was indignant at hearing his client called such a name, and asked to have the word stricken out of Pierre's defense. It was outrageous to call a lady such an indefinite word, and to prove it he quoted to the Court the following eight definitions of mistress in one of the recognized standard dictionaries:

1. A woman in authority or control, or to whom service is rendered; a female head, chief or owner, as of a country house, hotel, an institution or an estate; the feminine of master.
2. A title of address or courtesy prefixed to the name of a married woman and usually written Mrs. and pronounced Misses. Formerly it was applied to both married and unmarried women.
3. Specifically in English law, the proper title for an heiress or a gentleman's wife.
4. A woman who unlawfully or without marriage fills the place of a wife.
5. A woman beloved and courted, a sweetheart.
6. A woman who is well skilled in or who has mastered anything.
7. (Scott.) A married woman or wife.
8. A patroness.

The same dictionary gives two other definitions of the word "mistress" which Mr. Meyer did not include in his plea, because obviously they could not apply to his client, as they are purely mechanical. Nevertheless, to make the list complete, they are:

In the game of bowls, that is bowling, the jack or small ball at which the players aim.

In mining: a cover for sinkers in a wet shaft; a sinker's lamp-cover.

These in all would make ten kinds of mistresses.

An explanatory note to definition No. 4, says this:

"America owes much to the impetuosity of Louis XV and the ambitious vanity and personal dislikes of his mistress, F. Parkman, Montcalm and Wolfe, vol. I. Introduction." The lady referred to was the historic Madame DuBarry.

Thelma's attorney complained that the use of the word "mistress" by Mr. Stymus was ambiguous and "susceptible of numerous different meanings, only one of which was derogatory." But Justice Carey thought he needed only one guess as to the kind Mr. Stymus meant, and ruled that if he could prove Thelma had been that kind of a mistress, it would be a good de-

fense against the charge of breach of contract. Thelma, appeared but the judges of the Appellate Division also thought they could guess right the first time.

To put up a good defense against her demands, Mr. Stymus must prove not only that Thelma was a mistress but the particular variety which Judge Carey and the Appellate Division took it that he means. Miss Reardon, who is only twenty-nine, says that she and the man she is suing first met in Havana where Mr. Stymus was looking for a nurse and companion, and decided that she was one woman in a million, to take care of an aged millionaire. Her complaint states:

"On March 28, 1933, William Pierre Stymus, Jr., entered into an agreement with me whereby he employed me to act as his companion and nurse, during his life, and he agreed to pay me \$200 a month for my lifetime and \$3,000 at the end of 1933, and he

Miss Thelma Reardon, the Attractive Blonde Former Actress, Who Sued Rich Old Mr. Stymus for Services as "Companion and Nurse."

further agreed to maintain and support me and he promised to make a will wherein he would provide that I should receive \$196,600 in cash on his death, and I accepted employment on those terms.

"I performed all the conditions on my part until January 1, 1936, when he broke the agreement and without cause discharged me from his employment and refused to permit me to continue. He maintained and supported me, but has not paid me any portion of the monthly payments which accrued under the agreement for thirty-three months. When he discharged me, he notified me that he had canceled and revoked his will and executed another will without making provision for me."

What Thelma claims he already owes for work, labor and services rendered, plus the \$196,600 he is not going to leave her in the will and the \$3,000 a month he isn't going to pay her to the end of her life, according to her expectation of life, and that \$3,000 she didn't get at the end of 1933, all add up to \$196,600 and she wants it right now.

Without hurting her claims she could admit being at least one kind of mistress, that is No. 5, the variety defined in the dictionary: "A woman who is skilled in or has mastered anything." To induce anyone to assume such a staggering contract, even if it was only verbal, might indicate to some that she had mastered Mr. Stymus. But the dictionary doesn't say anybody—it says anything. Also he revolved and gasped from her mastery. So that is out.

Miss Frances Dumas, Whose Suit Against Another Rich Man as Secretary for \$101,000 Was the Last to Be Settled; Reports Give the Sum as \$3,500.

Miss Reardon does not deny that she has had no special training as a nurse and companion but possibly she is one of those natural-born, untrained geniuses, like the great Toussaint L'Ouverture, who had almost no military training yet, with an army of slaves, was able to master the French troops at San Domingo.

One might at first surmise that Thelma fitted under that first definition, of a woman in authority or control, a female head, chief or owner—the feminine of master. She says that from Havana they traveled back together to his mansion in Portchester, N. Y., to Italy, to Switzerland, France, England, Scotland, back to England and home again. Then South America, Bermuda, California, Catalina Island and back half of the time going places.

He was paying all the bills, but in military circles that would make him only the quartermaster, with Thelma the other three-quarters. But both agree that he fired her and masters,

Mr. William Pierre Stymus, Jr., Who Refused to Pay Miss Reardon's Claims.

especially in the feminine form, don't get fired, they do the firing. So the judge did not have to guess on that one.

The two perfectly irrelevant definitions such as the mining terms and bowling term, have already been referred to. It would be absurd to twist this into the pretense that it referred to gold-digging. Sinkers is a vulgar term for doughnuts and dough is a vulgar term for money, but neither side tried to torture any such far-fetched meaning out of the definition. Neither is there any sense in the bowling definition which calls the small ball that is shot at the "mistress." Those things wouldn't confuse the judges for an instant.

Definitions three and seven can be barred out because nobody asserts that Thelma is the wife or married woman of an Esquire, gentleman or anybody else, Scotch or otherwise. It is true that she complains that the defendant did not pay her anything all those 33 months but the dictionary uses Scotch in the national meaning, not signifying thriftiness.

For similar reasons it cannot apply to the second sentence of number two, which is what is known as an archaic or obsolete form. Miss Reardon is only twenty-nine and though Mr. Stymus is seventy-seven, he is hardly that archaic.

A poor young working girl would scarcely be the patroness of a rich old and artistic man, so nobody need waste a guess on number eight. The others being eliminated, there remains only number four. There is strong corroborative evidence that this is the one Mr. Stymus had in mind when he said that he had decided to take a mistress in his declining years and that she had consented to become

just that and nothing more. One definition of declining in the term "masculine declining years" ought to be that it refers to the habit of declining to pay pretty young women what they want. This is evident from a whole lot of beauty-vermoo-old-age suits, very similar to this one, which have cropped up lately, but there is no need of bringing that up.

Number four is the only one which mentions that word unlawful. If Mr. Stymus made a contract to have an unlawful kind of mistress, even though it was in writing, the agreement would have been void from the start. She could not have enforced it in court any more than the counterfeiter who engraves the plates can enforce his agreement with the men who inflate the currency by "pushing the queer" into circulation.

Mr. Stymus says that the breach-of-promise action was only a subterfuge which did not paint the true picture of Thelma's relationship with him. His lawyer, Mr. Thomas Crimmins Burke, went even further, intimating that it was camouflage for one of the old-fashioned heart-balm suits recently outlawed in the State of New York on the theory that they are mostly rackets. However, to escape on that point Mr. Stymus must prove that the fair plaintiff was that reprehensible sort of a mistress which Miss Reardon denies and dares him to prove. For that \$100,000 legacy which the actress says he told her he had cut out of the will, Pierre had a separate, special and rather ingenious defense.

He points out that nobody asserts that he ever promised to pay it until he was dead, and therefore she cannot legally collect it except literally "over his dead body." The fact that he has repudiated his alleged promise does not make it due and payable ahead of time.

Mr. Crimmins called to the attention of the Appellate Division the fact that if a man signs a promissory note, payable in a year, and the next day announces that he has no intention of ever paying it, that does not make the money due any sooner. He might change his mind and pay at the end of the year. Mr. Stymus also might fool her by slipping her back into his will, but Thelma believes him implicitly that he will do nothing of the kind. Also she suspects that he is deliberately trying to live as long as possible, thus cheating the grave as well as herself. Being this sort of a mistress seems to be like most sorts of jobs, one from which a person may be discharged for incompetency, neglect and other common reasons for being fired. The respondent's brief to the Appellate Division says:

"The first defense alleges that the plaintiff was discharged for cause, because of her conduct and her failure to properly perform the duties, all of which was to the detriment of the defendant and his reputation. The defendant claims that she conducted herself in a disorderly and scandalous manner; that she was unduly intimate with certain persons; that she was not a registered, graduate or trained nurse; that she had no nursing experience; that she did not conduct herself as a nurse or companion should; that she maintained a separate apartment; that she saw the defendant infrequently and at irregular intervals."

"By reading the second defense in its entirety... only one meaning can be obtained from the word 'mistress,' and that is 'a woman who sawawfully and without marriage fills the place of a wife.'"

Neither party boasts or charges that Miss Reardon fits into the definition: "A woman beloved; a sweetheart." Mr. Stymus won wealth and fame by commissions from John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, the Metropolitan Opera House of New York, the Flager home and other important clients. He has an estate valued at \$10,000,000. Thelma, a huge colonial mansion of which Thelma would have been the chateau if she could have proved herself that kind of mistress. However, Thelma has been content to preside over a luxurious apartment overlooking Central Park, in Manhattan.

Mr. Stymus, formerly a member of several exclusive Westchester clubs, including the ultra-smart Westchester Country Club, succumbed to the furnishings of his mansion and put it on the market at a bargain price, shortly after he had married Miss Reardon. Frances Dumas, singer and actress, said she served as secretary to rich old Meyer Davidov, of Scranton, Pa., and, when he died, she inherited for \$101,000 claiming he had promised her \$100 a week for life. Instead, his will left her only \$2,500. But Miss Dumas is reported to have inherited the suit for \$1,000 plus the original \$2,500.

Revival Of Paris's Grotesque Parade Of The Vegetables



Left — Two Members of the Potato Family, Wearing Broad Smiles Before Being Lifted to a Float and Not Minding the Absence of Legs.



Mr. Turnip Acknowledging the Plaudits of the Crowds as He Struts Along a Main Thoroughfare.

Their Bright Colors Reflect the Sun as These Merry Carrots Cavort in a Dervish Dance as the Procession Moves Along.

"Mr. Leek," One of the Tallest of the Marchers in the First Revival Since the World War of the French Capital's Bouff Gras Parade, Celebrating the Bumper Crops in the Unique Thanksgiving Observance.

THE FRENCH people have more carnivals and fetes than almost any other nation and, this year, they have revived an old Gallic custom that has not been carried out since the beginning of the World War—the so-called Fete de Bouff Gras. In plain English that means the Parade of Fat Beef.

In the old days, that is a century and more ago, the occasion actually was a show of meat on the hoof—a butchers' holiday during which the populace knocked off work and made merry while they had a look at the livestock that was destined to be knoeked on the head and served up in the form of juicy steaks and roasts. As time went on the fete became a sort of general carnival of the soil—with vegetables and fruit getting as much attention as cattle. As a matter of fact many people call the procession the Parade of the Vegetables because of the custom of glorifying the



A Pair of Happy Gourds Awaiting Their Carriage and Grinning in Anticipation of Their Ride.

garden truck that blooms on the soil of the French Republic.

At the revival of the show, the chief feature of which was a parade through the streets of Paris, marchers dressed up in huge papier mache and cloth representations of many familiar

vegetables cut up funny capers that kept the specta-

tators lining the sidewalks along the route in high good humor.

The photographs on this page show only a few of the vegetables that were glorified and advertised at the carnival. In every case the garden produce was personified. Clever artists painted smiling faces on the oversize models of the edibles and were careful to see

that the color schemes were correct. The potatoes, for example, were done in a dull brown, the carrots in just the right shade of orange and the caricatures of asparagus had that blanching look that shows the product to be ready for the table.

When the French make merry in a holiday celebration they don't spare the horses and the parade had many other personified vegetables than those shown on this page. Mr. Onion, with fake tears in his eyes, romped beside lumpy Mr. Turnip and Monsieur Leek held the hand of his partner of the garden Monster Parapin. Two round twins represented gourds.

A band furnished martial music for the procession which covered about eight miles of the streets of Paris before the mimic took off their make-believe outfits and refreshed themselves with a few beakers of native wine.

The pageant was given a lot of space in the newspapers and the stories about it were not even pushed off the front pages by the hectic goings on in the Rhineland. The history of the

carnival was traced back to the Middle Ages and it was pointed out that the event had been forgotten only when the country was too busy fighting a war to give much thought to such pleasant pastimes.

During the French Revolution the farmers and produce merchants and butchers had no chance to be jubilant about their fat cattle or their garden truck, but as soon as the trouble was over Napoleon saw to it that the celebration was put back on the calendar and he himself lent his celebrated presence to the Bouff Gras going-on in the early 1800's.

One newspaper editor found great inspiration in the revival of an old French custom. In a long and eloquent editorial about the fete he said, "Is it not significant that this carnival, missing from our calendar since the days of the World War, should come back at this time? Does it not say a great deal about the spirit of the French people that they can give thanks for the fertility of their soil at the moment when all Europe is a seething volcano and our peace is seriously endangered? The soil of France

produces things which fill our stomachs—it also fills us all with an affection for our homeland and a determination to defend it that must not be underestimated by other nations."

The parade of the Vegetables was made bright with many elaborate floats, covered with pretty flowers and, as pretty mademoiselles. The butchers, although they played a much less prominent part in the proceedings than they used to in other days, were on the job, too, and marched along with more than a hundred sleek cattle. The animals wore bright ribbons on their horns and tails and lent color to the occasion.

One of the institutions which profited materially from the Vegetable Parade was the newspaper industry. Interest of provincial Frenchmen in the carnival at Paris was such that wide demands were made for showing the movies of the event in the hinterlands.

The Pathetic History of Hungary's Oldest Little Boy

BUDAPEST. NOT LONG ago, a gang of wreckers clumped up the attic stairs of an old house on Hadnagy Street, armed with picks, crowbars and mauls. The building was coming down to make room for a modern apartment and they were there to rip off the roof and knock down the wide, old-fashioned chimney.

Curious to see what was in the attic one of the workmen shifted an old leather trunk and took down a rusted bird cage—and then he let out a yell. "Look there," he shouted. "It's a little boy, asleep. How did he get in here?"

Another wrecker threw the beam of a flashlight into the dark corner under the eaves. His face went white when he saw that the "sleeping" boy was in a glass case.

"There's something crazy about this," he exclaimed, and rushed down the stairs to report the strange discovery to his boss.

It was a little boy all right—but he had been in that murky corner of the attic for half a century. And, believe it or not, he had been dead for more than 90 years. These facts all came out when the mummified body of the youngster was removed to the Medical Institute and after the cleverest detectives in the Hungarian capital had done several days' research through dusty records in the city hall.

The almost unbelievable and pathetic story behind that mummy is this: Back in 1846 the house in Hadnagy Street was occupied by Dr. Lajos Arany, a professor at Budapest University and looked upon by many as the ablest anatomist of his day. At that time the scholar's chief interest in life was his six-year-old son, Puli. The youngster, unusually handsome and bright for his years, was stricken with diphtheria and, after a few days' illness, died.

The professor, half-crazed with grief, rushed to the authorities and made an extraordinary appeal. He begged their permission to let him keep the body of his son—if he could embalm it in such a way that it couldn't be a menace to the public health.

Ordinarily no such request would have been granted, but because of the man's high standing at the University, he was told that he might keep the corpse if he would mummify it and put it in an air-tight glass case. The detectives picked up the rest of the remarkable and long-forgotten story from a dozen different sources, from entries in the late scholar's diary

from the death records and from one or two people who had heard, second- and third-hand from dead friends of Dr. Arany, the facts about the tragic mummy.

It seems that the professor, working with haste and skill was able to preserve the remains of his son before the body began to decompose. With materials known only to himself he mummified the body so that the natural color of the flesh was maintained. The eyes, closed by death, were replaced by glass eyes but for some reason the lids were closed as if the boy were asleep. Some preparation was put on the curly hair so that, ten years after death had taken the lad, his locks appeared to be natural and alive.

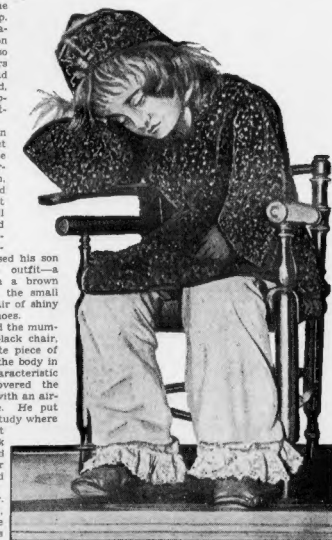
The father, in some manner, set the boy's face in a characteristic expression, and treated the lips so that they stayed full and red. And when he had finished the macabre job he dressed his son in his favorite outfit—clothes suit with a brown velvet cap. On the small feet he put a pair of shiny patent leather shoes.

Then he placed the mummy in a little black chair, the boy's favorite piece of furniture, fixed the body in an easy and characteristic posture and covered the pathetic object with an airtight glass case. He put this case in his study where he could see it from the desk where he pored long hours over his books and papers.

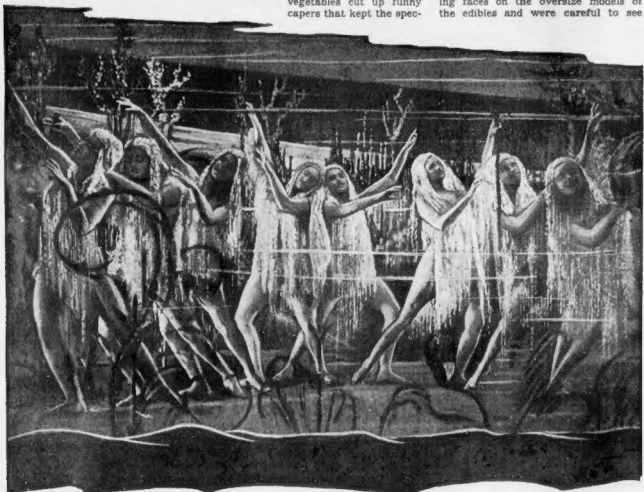
In 1887 Dr. Arany died and was buried in the cemetery of his beloved son, who tucked away in the attic and soon forgotten it might have stayed there for

many more years if the building had not been sold to make way for a more modern structure.

Some years before his death—when the life-like body of his boy still occupied its place behind the scholar's desk—he told an intimate friend that at least he understood why he had been blessed with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge. It was to enable him to achieve the masterpiece of his life—the perfectly embalmed physical form of the one human being he loved and idolized.



The Ninety-Year-Old Mummy of a Six-Year-Old Boy, Wearing His Favorite Clothes Suit. He Was Sonny Arany, Whose Father Could Not Bear to Part With the Body, and Who Embalmed It and Kept It in a Glass Case Until His Own Death.



A Finnish Film Director Devised This Attractive and Realistic Sequence of a Mermaid Dance on the Floor of the Deep Blue Sea, but the Pretty Dancers Don't seem to Mind the Traditional Cold of Finland's Waters a Bit.

Making Pretty Fishes Out of Fins

THE FINNS are a seafaring people and they like salty flavor even in their diversions away from their boats and their nets. That's why the submarine scene shown in the photograph above was about the most popular part of a movie recently released in Finland.

The picture was made in one of the country's few motion picture studios and directed by a native maestro who could profit by a visit to Hollywood but who is no novice when it comes to staging ballets danced by pretty blue-eyed, blonde-haired Finns.

When he got the inspiration to include an undersea number in his movie, he borrowed an idea or two from the Polies Bergers and from the London stage and surrounded the nymphs with "props" intended to make it appear that they were inhabitants of that watery world sometimes referred to as Davy Jones's Locker.

The costumes of the dancers were, of course, patterned after the popular conception of the mermaids of legend. The legs of the performers were not encased in man-made fish tails, otherwise they never would have been able

to go through the graceful measures of a ballet, but their heads were covered with gleaming wigs of stuff not unlike tendrils of seaweed. The dancing master of the studio got in the spirit of thing and worked out a series of Terpsichorean maneuvers which would suggest that the very human young women were not of this world but of the deep blue sea. The manipulation of their bodies made it appear to movie fans that the dancers were suspended, in water and, at any moment, likely to float gracefully up to the surface and out of sight. The only reason they didn't was because the director scorned the familiar trick of fastening invisible wires to invisible harnesses and hoisting them aloft as dandies of Little Eva have been elevated in oldtime performances of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The illusion was good, just the same, for between the dancers and the camera there was a cleverly painted translucent curtain. This bit of gauze was painted here and there with designs that looked like waving water weeds and the background was decorated with such items as shells, trees

of coral, the rotting beams of a sunken ship and other odds and ends to make the scene realistic.

By a studio trick the sea-loving Finns who saw the movie—and many thousands of them did—watched phony fish drift above the heads of the mermaids as they waved their arms and swayed to and fro as though swept by rhythmic currents. Incidental music, written especially for the bit, added to the underwater effect.

It may be that the Finnish director was familiar with a show that attracted a lot of Londoners to their famous Palladium not long ago. One of the highlights of this extravaganza was a scene in which a dozen or more comely chorines appeared to be having a dandy time away down at the bottom of the sea. In this instance the spectacle had the benefit of color and the bevy of beauties was bathed in cleverly managed blue and green lights which made the stage look, for all the world, as though it were filled with cold sea water. The British public is pleasantly reactive to this sort of thing, too, because they like the Finns, are sea-going nation.

Blondes and Brunettes 2 Different Races of Women

Science Finds They Are Unlike in Skin, Hair, Muscle and Blood as Well as in the Way Their Minds Work—And Redheads May Be Different From Either

MOST people think that the difference between a blonde and brunette is not much more than the difference between two automobiles of the same make and model but with different coats of paint. Science now says this is all wrong.

A brunette remains a brunette no matter how much she bleaches. And a blonde is still a blonde despite all darkening dyes. True blondes are blondes all the way through every cell of their bodies—their blood, their muscles, their nerves and even their minds. And the same is true of brunettes. Blondness and bruneness are only outward signs of conditions under the skin.

It is probable that redheads represent a third group different from either blondes or brunettes. Maybe all three are as different from each other as distinct human races, which, indeed, may be just what the original blondes, brunettes and redheads were before they got so thoroughly mixed by heredity as they are at the present time. Gentlemen may prefer blondes, but Mother Nature doesn't. Blondes and redheads have more boils, carbuncles, pimples than brunettes. Also they are more susceptible to germs infecting the throat, nose and lungs. They "catch cold" more easily and often than the brunettes. But brunet children suffer the greater damage from infantile paralysis, and brunettes are more apt to get inflammatory rheumatism.

Blonde women in emotional stress are likely to kill their lovers or anyone else responsible for their rage or sorrow. Brunette women prefer killing themselves to solve their problems. Or so criminologists report. Blondes are called cold, unemotional and calculating; brunettes, excitable and generous, but often sad; redheads, fiery and prone to anger.

A blonde averages 150,000 separate hairs on her head; a brunette between 80,000 and 130,000. But a typical red-headed girl seldom has more than 50,000 separate hairs, and may have as few as 25,000. This doesn't imply any kind of baldness. The head of red hair will look just as thick and luxuriant as the others. Its smaller number of hairs is because they are coarser than blond, brown or black ones. To sprout 150,000 red hairs the redhead's scalp would have to have six times the normal average.

Blonders' skins are not really white nor brunettes' skins brown. They contain substantial quantities of red, yellow, green, violet and blue. There is less yellow, however, than other color, and more of green or blue-green in blondes than brunettes. A blonde can literally turn green with envy because when the blood leaves the cheeks under conditions of sudden emotion or nausea, the green shows up in the skin.

Close observers of mankind have long insisted upon the mental differences between typical blondes, brunettes and redheads, but the facts about the complete difference in purely physical matters, things like blood composition and susceptibility to diseases, are just beginning to be discovered. As more and more is found out about them it is probable that doctors will be provided with valuable clues to the causes of diseases, and the disease dangers of individual patients of one or the other type of complexion.

It was an unnamed doctor in New Jersey who wrote a few weeks ago to the experts of the American Medical Association asserting that he had noticed in his medical experience certain relations between complexion and disease. Red-headed people and true, light-haired blondes came to his consulting room, he said, with many more cases of skin infections than were brought in by patients of brunet complexion. Another kind of disease commoner in blondes than brunettes was reported as germ infections of the respiratory tract. Still a third set of conditions reported as common among blondes and rare among brunettes were those in which the red color of the blood becomes deficient, causing certain kinds of anemia.

Replying to this inquirer, the experts of the association agreed that blondes usually have thinner and drier skins than brunets or persons of mixed complexion, which means that they also admitted that germ infections of the skin are characteristic diseases of blondes and are much less common in brunet complexion groups. About the greater numbers of respiratory infections and cases of anemia among blondes, the association remains skeptical, but there seems to be much other evidence to support what the New Jersey doctor says that he has found in his experience.

One of the most remarkable instances of the relation between complexion and disease was pointed out by the distinguished New York physician and biologist, Dr. George

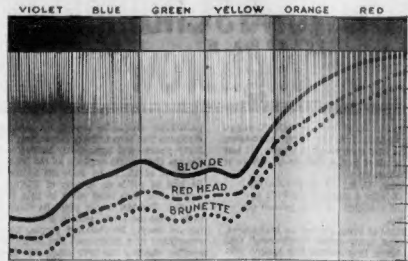


Chart Showing the Relative Amounts of Color Contained in the Skin of Blondes, Brunettes and Redheads. The Blonde Curve Shows More Blue and Green Than the Others.



Jeanne Gibson, Whose Real Name is the Countess Jeanne La Vair, a Pure Type of Brunette With 100,000 Hairs to Her Head and Practically Immune From Skin Infection but Subject to Other Diseases Blondes Are Not.

Blonde, Doll-faced Youngsters Like This May Get Bad Complexions, But They Are Less Liable to Be Crippled With Infantile Paralysis.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, the Famous Actress, Who Was a Typical Redhead and Possibly Belonged to a Third Race of Women.

One Hundred Per Cent Perfect Blonde Model Frances Stutz, Who Differs, Science Finds, in Every Way From a One Hundred Per Cent Perfect Brunette—And There Is Only One Perfect Blonde for Every 100 Perfect Brunettes.

Draper, in connection with the epidemics of infantile paralysis which have happened in the eastern part of the United States during the past few years. This disease seems to avoid pronounced blondes and to seek out for its greatest damage brunet children with dark hair, dark-colored skins and certain other bodily signs which Dr. Draper also noticed, such as slightly slanted eyes and irregular teeth. Not only were these dark-complexioned children more likely to catch the infantile paralysis infection in the beginning, but Dr. Draper found them more likely to be left with permanent nerve damage and paralysis than was true, on the average, of the blond children who did catch the germ.

Dr. T. Jenner Hoskins of the Royal Free Hospital in London, England, stated several years ago that he had found blonds and redheads much more susceptible than brunet children to the kind of germ infection called acute rheumatism or rheumatic fever, a disease which often leaves permanent damage as one of its results. Skins of different human races differ from each other in two separate

ways, thickness and the amount of pigment. Pure white skins are thin ones and also lack the dark pigment. Pure blond skins also are thin but have a great deal of the pigment that darkens them. Chinese and Japanese skins have little pigment, but differ from the white skin in being thicker so that a yellowish tint appears.

Blond skins differ from brunet skins in thickness and in this ability to make pigment. There even are some blondes whose skins will not tan on long exposures to sunlight, but merely get red and sunburnt over and over again. These skins lack altogether the ability to make the dark pigment that makes brunet skins darker or Negro skins entirely black.

There is reason to believe that this difference in pigment-making ability applies to the whole body. The red pigment of the blood is not the same as the black pigment of the skin but the two seem to have some relation to each other, both chemically and in their evolutionary history. Thus a pronounced blonde whose skin cannot make any pigment at all and whose hair also is nearly without pigment, might well suffer from some lack of the red pigment in her blood or possibly from other difficulties in making of new

blood cells. This would agree with the opinion that blondes are likely to suffer from certain kinds of anemia. And if the blood is in any way weak or imperfect, a natural result of this would be the greater susceptibility to germ infections.

Just where the red-headed people belong in this physiological complexion series is uncertain. Most of the physicians class them among the blondes so far as germ resistance is concerned, but this may be merely because both redheads and true blondes tend to have thinner skins than darker people. In their hair, which really constitutes the outstanding difference of the red-headed group, the circumstances are quite different.

Between true blonds and brunettes the chief difference in the hair is the same as in the skins. Blond hair cells in the scalp cannot make, or at least do not make, the pigment granules that make a hair black or dark brown, just as the blond skins do not make the corresponding skin pigment. There exists, also, a parallel difference in hair thickness. Just as the skins of blondes usually are thinner than those of brunettes, so the blond hair tends to be

smaller in diameter than the brunet hair. But the color of typical red hair is not caused by pigment granules in the hair, as is true of brown hairs and black hairs. Instead, the whole substance of the tiny tube that forms the hair is tinted red by a transparent pigment in the substance itself. Since the red hair is thicker than blond hair, the walls of the average hair tube also are thicker. Accordingly, this red pigment tends to show. This also is why red hair often seems transparent in sunlight or other intense light, so that the flaming character of a typical head of red hair is accentuated.

So marked is the difference between redheads and other people in this respect that some biologists suspect the red-headed character of being the mark of a separate racial group which may have existed at some time in past history. There seem indeed to be three racial types so far as hair characters are concerned. One of them, probably the commonest one and the most primitive one in evolution, is the brunet type. These have fine hair with plenty of pig-

ment granules in it. Then there is a second or blond type, also with thin hairs, but without any of the pigment granules. Finally, there is the third race of the redheads, whose hairs also lack the pigment granules, but are so much thicker and so different in other ways that it seems they must have had a different beginning.

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Blondes More Susceptible to Pimples, Boils and Colds, but Brunettes Are Sadder, Kill Themselves Instead of Their Lovers and Are More Likely to Be Rheumatic

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This agrees, also, with the characteristic skin differences. The typical whites have thin skins with little pigment, like the blond hairs. The typical Negroes have thick skins with much pigment, like the hairs of the brunettes. The typical redheads have thick hairs tinted red but with few pigment granules, like the thick, yellowish or reddish skins of the Chinese and Japanese.

No one imagines, of course, that these similarities mean that brunettes are descended from Negroes, or redheaded people from the members of the yellow race. What is much more likely is that there are certain different tendencies in the whole human race so far as skin and hair are concerned, one having to do with skin thickness, the other with pigment. Thin skins with little pigment make the typical whites, and in the extreme condition the blonds. Thin skins with more pigment make the brunettes and still darker racial groups. Thick skins or hairs characterize both the red-headed people and some of the Asiatics.

Because of the racial mixtures that have been occurring for centuries throughout the white race, there probably are no individuals now alive who are either pure blond, pure brunet or pure red-head. This is shown, for example, by the fact that skin color and hair color do not always go together. Some persons with blond or red hair have relatively dark skins, while some with dark hair have extremely white skins. Facts which are beginning to have a great deal of importance in the art of designing women's clothes and cosmetics.

Mrs. Bernice Bower, well-known New York City expert in this art of making a woman's apparel and surroundings agree pleasantly with her complexion and what has been called her "color personality," recognizes no less than fifteen different color types of women's hair and skin; made up of the fifteen possible combinations of five hair types and three skin types. The five hair types are blonde, brunette, redhead and two others not so often thought of. One of these is called "silver gray," including the large number of women whose hair has lost a part of its youthful color. The other is one that Mrs. Bower calls the "All American" type because it is by far the commonest type among American women. This is the intermediate, brown-haired type which is neither pure blonde nor pure brunette.

The three types of skin color for combination with these five hair colors are described as the "allurine" skin, which is one that has much red in it, the "saffron" type which has much yellow in its color tone, and finally the "coruscant" type which has a noticeable tinge of blue. So few women have been measured and analyzed yet in accordance with these new color classifications for skin and hair that no one knows how common or how rare different ones of the fifteen possible color combinations will turn out to be among Americans or other national groups.

As scientists delve more and more deeply into these personal differences in coloring and other things, it will be necessary to measure skin colors more accurately than ever has been done before. Fortunately, Professor Arthur C. Hardy of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology already has developed for use in the color-making and coloring industries an ingenious automatic machine which will write on a color chart of any colored object, including a human skin.

A few measurements of the skin colors of typical American women already have been obtained with this machine, as is illustrated by the chart with color curves reproduced on this page. One surprising fact disclosed by these curves is that all human skins are somewhat green, as well as containing amounts of red and some violet or blue.

Before long it is probable that every woman who shopped around such a color curve of her own complexion, so that she will be able to judge more accurately just what colors of dresses, gloves and so on will best suit her own color personality. Then she will know, too, whether she is a true blonde or a true brunette, or some mixture of the two, like Mrs. Bower's classification of the "All American" brown. And then her physician will ask for this same color data, so that he may know more of the germs that are most likely to attack her or of the bodily breakdowns such as one of the blood-poisoning machinery against which he must needs to be on guard.

Surgeons In Duel Over An Operation

In a gymnasium within the shadow of the great Municipal Hospital of Budapest, capital of Hungary, two stalwart young men, stripped to the waist, stood fighting each other to the death. The weapons were keen and heavy fencing swords.

Duels are not uncommon in the Old World, but there is no record of a previous duel of this nature. These men were skilled young surgeons. They had taken the Hippocratic oath to save and preserve life to the best of their ability. They were doing their bloody utmost to kill each other.

The cause of the duel? An amount of money involved? An insult to the good name of some fair girl? Not at all. These young surgeons were trying their utmost to kill each other in order to settle an argument as to whether or not a certain operation should have been performed on a patient.

This has made the duel another record-breaker, for there is no known precedent where a disagreement over a technical point in surgery has brought about a duel. The duellists were Doctor Laszlo Farkas and Doctor Joseph Krauss, friends and colleagues in the Department of Surgery in St. John's Municipal Hospital. Last August a cancer victim was brought to Doctor Farkas' ward. There was a consultation. Doctor Krauss was of the opinion that it was a case of metastasis, or inoperable cancer. Doctor Farkas believed there was a chance for the patient if an operation were performed.

He performed the operation. In the "common room" of the hospital, where the doctors got a brief rest, Farkas was telling others about the operation. Krauss listened a moment and then said, "Your mistake, Farkas, is that you regard patients as mere cases, rather than human beings. This woman had had a previous operation. You should not have operated and you know it. You wanted to search, to see what was inside, and then talk about it, and write an article about it."

"Take that back," Dr. Farkas cried. "You know there



"Rajta" Came the Signal to Start Fencing, the Two Doctors Slashed at Each Other. They Agreed to Fight Until One or the Other Was Helpless—Or Dead.

was a chance. You have as much as said that I am a conceited fool and not a doctor."

Dr. Krauss refused to retract his words. Dr. Farkas struck him in the face. Others there jumped in and separated them.

A few days later two seconds visited Dr. Farkas. "We demand for Doctor Krauss the satisfaction due a gentleman, a duel," they said.

"With the greatest of pleasure," Dr. Farkas replied, "and the weapons shall be swords."

At the appointed hour the two young surgeons, with their seconds, who were not medical men, but friends skilled in all the niceties and etiquette of dueling, appeared at this gymnasium. A number of their colleagues were present.

For two doctors who had sworn to save and protect human life, this seemed to be a foolish thing—for the challenge had been issued in a most unbecoming manner of the tenacious manner of the duellists that each was determined to kill the other.

In addition to the antagonists themselves and their seconds, the official dueling party included another surgeon, who appeared with his bag of instruments, antiseptics and gauzes.

At the far end of the room, the seconds conferred, first shaking hands with restrained courtesy, much the same as if they had been casual acquaintances greeting each other at a formal reception. Then it was agreed that the two doctors should fight until one was killed outright or so badly wounded he was no longer able to stand.

As required by etiquette, the duellists saluted each other.

"Rajta" was the signal, meaning "Start." The two surgeons rushed at each other like savages, but savages who reciprocally were not in the least feeling.

After the third encounter their blades were so badly bent by the impact of steel upon steel that new weapons had to be brought. Both men had half a dozen cuts and were bleeding. Bringing blood is supposed to bring "satisfaction," but not in this duel. They refused to stop.

In all, they rushed at each other seven times, bleeding more and more from slight cuts when they failed a perfect parry.

Then Dr. Krauss made such a violent attack that Dr. Farkas made a party almost unbelievable force, driving through the attempted death-dealing slash of his opponent and laying his head open across the temple.

Dr. Krauss slumped into the arms of his seconds.

The onlooking colleagues rushed to care for the fallen man.

Dr. Farkas felt his coolest then. He looked on with pale features and troubled eyes as they took fifteen stitches in the head of Doctor Krauss.

Suddenly Dr. Farkas cried, upon learning that his one-time friend would live, "Our solemn oath! How could we have violated it!"

He went up to Dr. Krauss and they shook hands, apologized to each other, and to their colleagues.

Doctor Farkas soon recovered from the minor cuts he received and went back to his duties. Doctor Krauss is not yet well enough to resume his surgery. However, he has resigned from the hospital and intends to build up his own private practice.

"I cannot work in full harmony with all, here," was his reason for resigning. He is still of the opinion that the operation should not have been performed.

The Eskimo The World's Champion "Highbrow"

SO WIDE is the popular belief that a high forehead is a sign of a big brain that the slang expression "highbrow" has come into such common usage. It has finally been honored by a place in the dictionary, where it is given the following definition:

HIGHBROW, n. (slang, U. S.) 1. A person observed or imagined to take a superior attitude toward the generality of mankind. 2. Any person of the intellectual classes.

But those who are proud of being classed as highbrows, and others who may resent being called "lowbrows," will perhaps be surprised to learn that science has looked into this matter and finds that the people who have the highest foreheads are the dull, ignorant and uncivilized Eskimos—who live in snow, ice, never change clothes or take a bath all winter, and look upon candles, soap and axe grates as edible delicacies.

This odd discovery was announced recently by Dr. Alec Hrdlicka, anthropologist of the United States National Museum, in a report published by the Smithsonian Institution. Dr. Hrdlicka found that Eskimos are the world's real highbrows, with foreheads that have an average height of 2.81 inches. Old Americans or people of European descent, on the other hand, have an average height of 2.59 inches. They are not only out-ranked by Eskimos, but by full-blooded American Negroes with foreheads 2.74 inches in height, and North American Indians with measurements of 2.60 inches.

Perhaps the most surprising feature of Dr. Hrdlicka's report is that members of the National Academy of Sciences and the illustrious, behind-the-times Tennessee Mountaineers both have foreheads that average 2.5 inches. It is reasonable to assume that members of the National Academy represent the cream of American intellectual life, while on the other hand, Tennessee Mountaineers are generally regarded as one of the most backward groups in this country.

Then, as Dr. Hrdlicka points out, if the height of the forehead is any indication whatever of brain power and quality, there certainly ought to be some material difference between the dimensions of the mountaineers and the members of the Academy—but there is no such difference. Instead, he found that the average height of the foreheads in these two groups—which are so far apart in mental attainments—are exactly the same.

He says that this astonishing fact leads to only one conclusion, and that is that the height of the forehead—in normal human beings—does not express or have any relation to the kind of brains it helps to harbor. He is convinced that his findings are correct, and that they prove that there is no truth to the old idea that a high forehead is a sign of intellectuality, or that it is a mark of racial superiority.

While the rest of the world has gone on for so long believing in the notion that there is some significance to a high forehead, never thinking that it would be com-



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paratively simple to test it by taking measurements. Dr. Hrdlicka has been quietly measuring foreheads, for the past forty years—and apparently having a lot of fun gathering figures that would explode an old theory.

First of all, to be sure his figures would be accurate, he had to settle on a way of telling where the forehead begins and ends, and stick to this in all of his measurements. For the lower point he took the place where the nose meets the brow, but to decide on the upper point was not so easy. Baldheaded people, for instance, presented something of a problem. But he finally concluded that no matter whether the hair originally dipped down in a curve directly in front or had receded far back or fallen out entirely, it was possible to mark the spot where the normal hairline ought to be, at the place where the forehead begins to arch sharply backward.

Having worked out his method, he got doctors at Ellis Island to use it on immigrants, and since 1910 they have been giving him figures on various racial groups.

One interesting point that has been brought out is that there is only one hundredth of an inch difference between the measurements for Negro Americans, Indian Americans and white Americans whose people have been in this country for at least three generations. Dr. Hrdlicka concludes his report by saying that it is certain that low or high foreheads "run in families."

"It is plausible," he says, "to accept that under the influence of segregation, isolation, and perhaps some form of conscious or unconscious selection, lower or higher foreheads may be generalized in a locality or in a racial group. The case of the Indians suggests that an important part may have been played by natural selection in making."

Dr. Hrdlicka's findings are listed as follows:

Eskimos	2.81 inches
Old American Negroes	2.74
North American Indians	2.60
Old American Indians	2.63
Old American Negroes	2.59
Tennessee Mountaineers	2.53
Members of the National Academy	2.53
Germans	2.57
Southern Italians	2.57
Northern Italians	2.56
Poles	2.55
French	2.55
Greeks	2.51
English	2.50
Russians	2.50
Hungarians	2.48
Armenians	2.38

So far as a high brow or a low brow indicates what kind of brains the individual has it is about as reliable a guide as the width of the shoulders or the size of the feet. But who would have guessed that the dull-witted Eskimo was the world's champion "highbrow?"



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Back of Real Fat People For Much Survey

IT HAS often been said that "many a truth is spoken in jest," and now scientists have trained their microscopes upon the fat boys, to lend credence to the oft-heard remark that plump people are a little slower—mentally as well as physically—than their tall, slender relatives.

It wasn't because they wanted to prove the truth behind that commonly accepted theory that psychologists undertook the study. Rather, it was because they were surprised at the small number of fat boys found in large universities and they wanted to know if it was because mental laxity went hand in hand with obesity.

They found that it does—to a very great extent. Prof. Walter S. Pillsbury, head of the psychology department of the University of Michigan, started the study when he asked one of his advanced students to make a study of the relationship between temperament and body form, among students on the Michigan college campus.

The student came back to his professor with the assertion there were no real fat boys—or "pycnics," as they are known to scientists—on the Michigan campus, and thus such a study could not be properly made there.

Professor Pillsbury, thinking the situation might be a local phenomenon peculiar to the Midwestern university, made an observation of the student form in Germany and England and found the same absence of pynics there. Thus properly aroused over what he considered a very interesting matter, the professor set a group of students to work on an accurate scientific check of the number of fat boys in college and then extended his studies to the distribution of various body types among the students.

Just as the scientists term stout persons "pycnics," so they term the slim ones "asthenics," and the group in between "athletes." Through the experiment to them does not include football players necessarily, but only those of the average body type.

Professor Pillsbury set about to determine, first, the number of pynics in the university, and compare that with the general distribution of students with reference to

body form, and second, the question of the relation between body form and success in studies.

To accomplish these ends he had students working under the FEBA to collect his data from university records. The university gymnasium makes a series of measurements of each entering freshman, that includes the height and weight, the chest in inches, and the arm span.

It was a relatively simple matter to grade each student as to whether he was pynic, athletic, or asthenic.

A card was prepared for each student upon which could be recorded his college scholastic standing throughout his years in the university. Professor Pillsbury selected 345 students, all men, from the university's literary college class of 1934, then sat back and waited to see what would happen.

He found, first off, that according to the standards he had set up, only nineteen of the 345 were of the true pynic type. Of these nineteen, only three of these fat boys finished the necessary college work for their degree.

Of the first twenty athletics chosen at random, fifteen completed the course, and there were also fifteen of the twenty athletic type students who finished successfully the full 120 hours of college work necessary for a degree.

Of the sixteen pynics who failed to graduate, the psychologist discovered that some had failed in their work but that others had dropped out of college simply because of sheer indifference or because they lacked the ambition to go ahead.

Next, careful study of individual class-room records of the pynics was made. It disclosed, Professor Pillsbury reports, that the fat boys were not lacking in intelligence but were lacking, rather, in any strong interest and stimulation to cause them to work very hard for scholastic honors.

"The ratio of people who drop out to people who stay in college," the psychologist group as compared with the average, is enlightening in itself," Professor Pillsbury says.

"It shows very clearly a relative lack of ability in the pynic group, that is somewhat startling. It may also indicate an easy-going nature in those who stay in school. The large proportion who drop out because they have failed to make the required grades indicates lack of ability. But the number who drop out despite satisfactory records might be interpreted as an indication of lack of initiative or persistence in the work they have undertaken."

Professor Pillsbury closes his study with an attempt to get at the probable underlying distinctions between pynics and other body types.

"In addition to body form, the amount of hair, the pigment, the quality of the skin, the character of the bones, and various other characteristics have been regarded as significant by many prominent students of psychology," he says. "When the different considerations are put together there is still no definite statement that will mark off one type from another."

"It seems safer to me to argue that the pynic type is determined at birth, and that accidental additions or changes resulting from the life of the individual may conceal the master plan, but cannot change the nature. And pynic or asthenic at eighteen will be of the same type at his life, however much fat or muscle he may gain or lose."

"One psychologist, Von Rohden, found fewer pynics among students and criminals, and another, Travis, recently found no pynics among individuals who suffer from speech defects. My studies, on the whole, agree pretty much with theirs."

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Helpless Cripple Breadwinner For Poor Family

GEORGE THOMAS lay in his narrow, iron bed in a London tenement house and stared at a little patch of sky that could be seen from the one small window in his room. Was there anything left for him now?

Doctors had just told him he would be an invalid as long as he lived—was life worth living?

A strange muscular disease that had already made helpless cripples of his mother, sister and younger brother had also overtaken him, leaving his arms and legs paralyzed. So the entire burden of caring for the family rested on the father, who was a street cleaner, with wages that were scarcely enough to buy food for the household.

With a great effort, George raised his hands a few inches and painfully closed his fingers. They were not strong enough to hold a pen. But his imagination was active and his memory was keen. Could he find a way to make use of them?

He gazed at his small glimpse of sky. If he could not go about in the world, at least he had a window and could look out on it—such of it as he would be able to see in the street below. So he had his bed moved close to the window.

Day after day he watched the people passing up and down the street, and he learned many little things about his neighbors that no one else knew. He saw what was good in them, and what could be better. Scraps of conversation floated up to him, and he treasured every word. He was so interested in making a story out of the life that was going on around him that he forgot his suffering and his misfortune. After many long hours of study, he worked out the plot for a novel he decided to call "Nightmare."

How to get it down on paper was the problem. His hands were too weak to use a typewriter, and he had no money to hire a stenographer. Such courage as he possessed, however, refused to accept defeat. Little by little he trained his stiff fingers until they were able to hold a pen. Then he began to write.

It was a slow and painful process, but he stuck to it, month after month. His mind reached out beyond the four walls that held him prisoner, and gathered in the many human traits that make people what they are. Even so, his story was not sordid or bitter.

Most people in his circumstances would have been overwhelmed by despair. But his remarkable strength

of purpose, his firm belief in himself, and his cheerfulness all found their way into his book. At last it was finished, and sent to a publisher.

Anyone who has toiled over his first story and finally sent it to a publisher will know how George felt while waiting for a reply. His first reaction was a sense of relief over having the task completed at last. Then he had a strange feeling that his mind had been emptied of everything that was in it. He became restless. He wanted to start another story, but his power of concentration seemed to have deserted him. Nothing he thought of seemed to be of any importance.

One day he would feel sure that the novel he had written was good, but the next day he would wonder if it was foolish and a stupid idea and a shut-in such as he could have written anything that normal, healthy, active people would care to read. Some of his friends had read the book and they had all said it was fine. But maybe they did that because they pitied him and were trying to help him keep up his courage.

Finally, at the end of two weeks, the manuscript came back with a polite rejection slip. That was the time when anyone might have been downhearted, but George wasn't. He sent the book off again, to another publisher, and again it came back. Five times it was returned, and each time he told himself that as long as there was a publisher in England who had not seen it he would continue to send it.

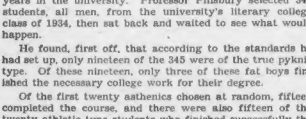
The sixth publisher he sent it to wrote him a long letter pointing out certain defects that should be corrected. If he was willing to rewrite it along the lines suggested, there was a good chance that it would be accepted.

Rewriting a novel is a tedious task, even for an author whose hands are not crippled and who is in the best of health. But George Thomas was not discouraged. Success was within his grasp at last, and he was not going to let it get away from him. He tackled the task with enthusiasm, and several weeks later sent in the revised manuscript.

It was accepted this time and a check for advance royalties mailed to him. Young Thomas is already at work on his second novel, and he is now going to earn enough money to buy his family the things they need, but he will never be an asset to the family.

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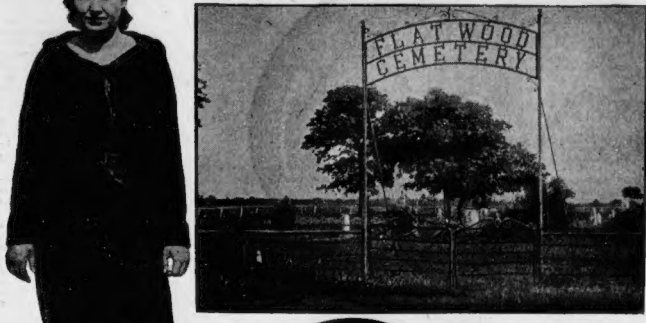
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Murdered, Buried, Then Dug Up and Hung on a Tree

The Extraordinary Explanation of the Mystery of the "Hanging Skeleton" Found in the Woods in a Small Texas Town



The Cemetery Where the Much-Disturbed Remains of Larry McBee Have Finally Come to Rest.

Mrs. Della Henry, Widow of the Murdered Man, Who Married the Murderer.

WHAT'S happened to Larry McBee? The foreman of a road gang of the Texas State Department of Highways asked his men one day three years ago, when one of his most dependable and likable men didn't show up for work.

"Larry disappeared as completely as if the earth swallowed him," the blonde and attractive wife, Mrs. Della McBee, told the foreman a day or so later when he became impatient with his missing workman and began to ask questions.

"Funny thing about the way Larry McBee dropped out of sight without anyone seeing him leave town," the gossiping chair warmers at the general store in the little Texas town of Rising Star began to speculate.

"Maybe he's leaving the way clear for Raymond Henry to go sparking with his wife," the town scandalmonger suggested with a knowing wink.

"Pears to me as if Henry has been paying a lot of attention to her lately," Larry McBee had disappeared—but nobody had seen him leave town. None of his friends had told of his intended departure. Why did Larry go and where did he go? It was a mystery.

And then suddenly a strange discovery was made. Months after the day when Larry McBee failed to show up for his work on the highway, his body was found slowly twisting and swaying in the wind as it dangled from a scrub oak tree. A wire was wound around his neck and the neighbors concluded that he had committed suicide. But there was something about the way in which that nearly fleshless skeleton dangled from the tree which made the police suspicious. They began to investigate that hanging skeleton and uncovered facts which made them suspect McBee had been murdered.

Slowly piecing together one scrap of gossip with another, the police fixed upon Raymond Henry as the murderer and then uncovered an extraordinary story. It was the oft-repeated question, "What happened to Larry McBee?" that finally drove the murderer to do something which revealed the crime and eventually fixed the hand of the law upon him.

Raymond Henry was arrested, tried and recently convicted of the murder of the missing man. The body had been well hidden in a grave in the woods, but the haunting question of the townspeople led him to dig up the body and hang it to the tree. The worried murderer believed that when the body was discovered everybody would think McBee had killed himself and that would end the mystery and stop the eternal question of what had happened to McBee. But Henry guessed wrong. Instead of quieting gossip about the mystery, the murders succeeded in supplying the evidence which finally convicted him of murder. The digging up of the murdered man's body was a crazy thing to do, but the murderer could not let well enough alone.

Before Larry McBee failed to report for work on that May morning in 1933, he was the husband of the present

H. L. McBee, the Murdered Man, and His Small Son.

Mrs. Della Henry, now the murderer's wife. They occupied a small frame house in Rising Star with their son and daughter, Billy Ray and Geneva, youngsters growing into their teens.

Though McBee was a quiet, peaceable chap, witnesses afterwards testified that when he was drunk, he would fight with his wife. At a dance, a few days before the murder, Helen Erwin, a neighbor, heard Della tell McBee to "Get out of here, you dirty brute."

Another neighbor, M. E. Tyler, saw Mrs. McBee strike at her husband with a bed slat without the latter attempting violence in return.

"He ducked and she hit a wall and broke the bed slat. If she'd hit him she would have killed him," Tyler asserted. "Larry McBee was a good man, quiet and peaceable."

Neighbors said Raymond Henry, a local ice delivery man, probably provoked quarrels between the two because he was in love with Della and didn't take any trouble to hide his affections. "She's my blonde baby," he used to tell them.

On the day of the murder, Raymond Henry and his employer, T. R. Crosswhite, went to the McBee home early in the morning and found the couple both in the house. Della was cooking breakfast and Larry McBee was still in bed. The children had gone to school.

Then, according to Crosswhite, Henry and Della made love, bobbing the husband's head where the latter could not see them and Crosswhite, embarrassed, decided to leave the room and wait for Henry at the front of the house.

"I waited two minutes and I heard just a little noise, like a chair sliding," Crosswhite later testified. "The door slammed and Henry came out. I saw an ice pick in his hand. He jumped toward the car and started cracking. I asked him, 'Have you gone crazy and lost your mind?'"

It was then, the authorities declared, that Henry had fatally stabbed McBee in the chest with the ice pick, although the latter did not die for several hours. He was lying on his bed, moaning feebly when Henry, having got rid of the startled Crosswhite, returned to the house in which Della still remained.

A short while later four friends dropped in. They were Charles J. Fen-

wick, Lynn Smith, his brother, Jack Smith, and M. E. Tyler. They saw the stricken McBee on the bed and Della and Henry nearby. He said weakly: "Raymond Henry stuck me with an ice pick."

"I said I would get a doctor," Tyler later testified. "Raymond Henry said no. McBee pulled up his undershirt and showed me the hole in his chest. It was a blue spot. He said he wanted whiskey."

Henry, Della and the four men are then said to have sat callously waiting for McBee to die without lifting a finger to aid the suffering man. After McBee had drawn his last breath, Henry looked at him carefully to make sure and then said: "Well, he's dead now. We've got to do something."

What that "something" was, according to Fenwick who later turned State's evidence, was to dispose of the body. That night Henry, accompanied by the two Smiths and Fenwick, dumped the corpse which was clad only in shoes and underclothes in the turtle cave of a small coupe. They then drove out to a secluded wooded section adjoining the local cemetery.

Near a few small oak trees, Henry found a spot which satisfied him and after digging a hole waist deep, McBee's body was tumbled into it and carefully buried. The four then returned to their homes.

One day passed and another. Rising Star is a small town and most of the people know each other. It is not strange, therefore, that before long somebody said, "Wonder what's become of Larry McBee? Haven't seen him around for the past day or so."

Another day or so passed and more of the townspeople became curious, among them the fellow workers of the missing man. "Perhaps he's gone off on a long drinking bout," said some. "Looks as if Larry has had about all of the quarreling with his wife he could



Stealthily the Murderer and His Friends Crept Into the Grove of Trees Where McBee's Body Had Been Buried and Dug It Up Again. And Then They Carried It to Another Spot in the Woods and Hung It With a Wire to the Limb of a Tree.

stand nearby, and identified by Raymond Brookshire, who had been fore-

man of the asphalt gang in which McBee had worked. But it was not until the dental work in the teeth of the skull was identified by a local dentist that the identification was completed.

But when the authorities surveyed the "hanging skeleton" they were not satisfied that McBee had committed suicide. They decided to make a thorough investigation concerning the manner of death of the corpse.

At first they had little to go by. In the past year and eight months that had elapsed since the hanging on that tree, the wind and rain had removed all tracks leading to and from the seldom visited section.

But then people began to remember the quarrels between McBee and his wife. They began to recall that Henry had been seen with Mrs. McBee and that he had referred to her as his "blonde baby." When the authorities found this out they could see a motive for the crime, but they had no evidence to prove the suspicion.

At last they decided on a bold move and they arrested Henry and Della, the Smiths, Tyler and Fenwick. As the most timid of the lot, Tyler was bluntly accused of having committed the murder and to save himself he talked, implicating Raymond Henry as the actual murderer. Mrs. Tyler came forth and identified the wire, and the quilt which had been dug up as having been taken from her house.

Then Fenwick was accused of being the killer and he too broke down and implicated Raymond Henry and offered to turn State's evidence. Thus building their case by playing one of the suspected men against another, they turned to Jack Smith. But here they were defeated, for, unable to stand the strain, Jack Smith slashed himself to death in his cell with a razor blade.

The authorities now believed that they had sufficient evidence to convict Raymond Henry as the murderer and the case went to trial recently. Della Henry also being accused with her husband. Although confronted with the evidence and with the incriminating testimony of Tyler and Fenwick, Henry steadfastly protested his innocence. He said that he had had no trouble with McBee and that on the morning of the supposed murder he had been with his employer, Crosswhite, and that they had left the McBee house together.

"Mr. McBee looked as though he had been drinking and told me that he was going to leave that day," Henry said. "I told him that he had better sober up. That was the last time I ever saw him."

The dead man's own children were put on the witness stand and both Billy Ray and Geneva testified that their father, as far as they knew, did not have any trouble with Henry. But when the jury of townfolk went into the jury room, it was not to ask that long familiar question, "Wonder what happened to Larry McBee?" but, "Who killed Larry McBee?"

And they came back with the answer, "Raymond Henry guilty." said the foreman. So Henry is serving a fifty-year sentence for the murder of the "hanging skeleton," while Della Henry, granted a separate trial, will soon learn her own fate when her case is called for trial.



Handkerchief Tied to the Limb of the Tree Shows Where McBee's Body Was Found Hanging. The Group Underneath the Tree Are Charles Fenwick, State's Witness; A. L. Barr, State Investigator; Frank Mills, Sheriff, and Joe Thompson, of the State Department of Public Safety.

stand and ran away," said others. With these thoughts in mind, they decided that it wouldn't be very tactful to question Mrs. McBee about her missing husband. But as the days grew into weeks both Della and Henry heard that question asked many times from different sources. And the murdered man's children, Billy Ray and Geneva, were curious as to what had happened to their father. It was commented on that nobody could remember seeing McBee actually leave town.

Raymond Henry became worried. For three weeks the body had been well concealed and it seemed that some accidental discovery, it never would be found. But that very fact, which he at first felt would keep him safe, now seemed to be working to his disadvantage. A man just doesn't vanish into thin air, he knew. It would be better to have the body found somewhere to answer once and for all that one question, "Wonder what happened to Larry McBee?"

"McBee?" "Where's McBee?" "What happened to McBee?" seemed to ring in Henry's ears. He would supply the answer that very night, he decided. He would dig up the body and hang it to a tree, where it could be discovered and appear that McBee had committed suicide.

That night Henry got into the little coupe and picked up Jack and Lynn Smith. The three of them went to Fenwick's house and Henry got him to go with them. Then the four went to the Tyler house. Henry entered and made the more timid Tyler join them. He picked up a quilt and in it wrapped a shirt, cap and trousers which had belonged to McBee. On the cap was a metal highway badge which he knew would identify the body. Carrying the bundle, he got back into the car, after stuffing a short length of wire in his pocket. Then cautiously he drove the four others out to the

wooded section where the body was buried, and parked the car at the side of the road about 300 yards from the grave.

"You can stay here in the car, but be sure to be here when we get back," he told the timid Tyler.

Carrying his bundle he led the others to the grave where they dug up the body which they had buried there three weeks before. They lifted the corpse and placed it on the spread out quilt which they carried to a nearby oak tree. Hastily they completed the task of dressing it in the clothes which Henry had brought with him. Then Henry climbed the tree and attached the piece of wire to the limb while Jack Smith fastened the other end about the neck of the dead McBee.

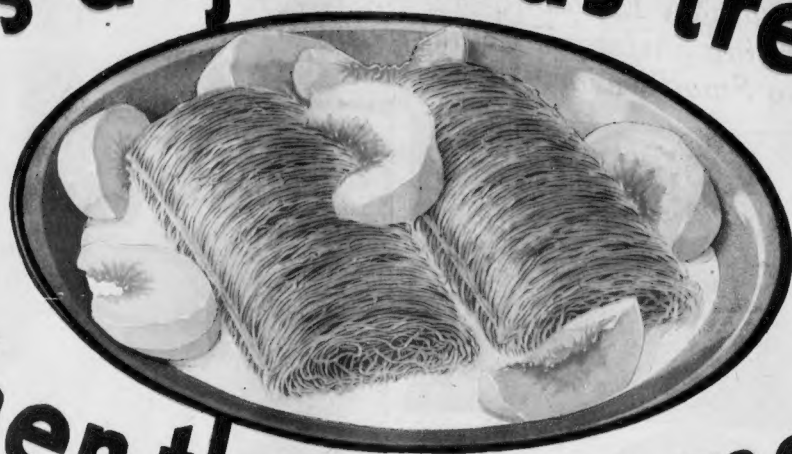
Henry stepped back and surveyed their work. "If they find him, they will think that he committed suicide," he said, after which he buried the quilt and the four of them went back to the car and their homes.

But nobody happened to find the body then, nor for many months afterward. The townspeople continued to ask what had happened to McBee until the swinging thing that had been McBee was at last found by two young rabbit hunters, a year and eight months later.

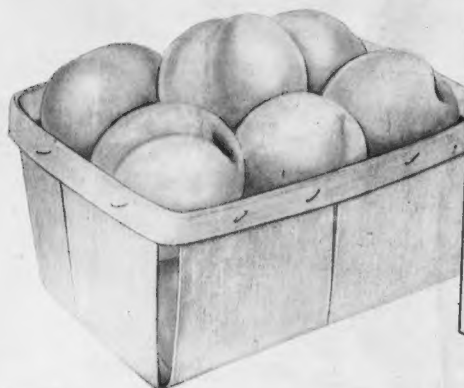
In the meantime, since McBee had apparently deserted his wife and disappeared, Della was able to get a divorce from her dead husband and she married Raymond Henry. The men who had known of the killing kept their mouths shut and gradually the question of what had happened to McBee became an unsolved local mystery, its interest dulled by time.

Then came the day early in December, 1934, when the hanging "skeleton" of McBee was found. The body was in such a state of decomposition that it was impossible to tell who it had been until the metal highway badge was

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At Last! A Labor Union for Noblemen

Distressed by Increasing Number of Impostors Who Cut Into Profits of Legitimate Title Holders, the Baron di Castelnuovo Starts an Organization to Drive the Fakers Out of Business



Baron Giorgio Mario Suriani di Castelnuovo, Who is Founding the Noblemen's Club of New York City.

NO longer need trusting American heiresses pay their fathers' good money for fake titles only to find themselves counterfeited Countesses, bogus Baronesses and Princesses de Bunk.

To protect these good cash customers from being swindled and to rescue the market value of the honest titles from being depressed to their present ignoble, all-time low, Baron Giorgio Mario Suriani di Castelnuovo has founded The Noblemen's Club of New York City.

Only men with authentic, 22-carat titles may join, and those that do will receive a certificate like a card in a labor union, stating exactly what their titles are, how old, and everything else a rich girl should know.

The membership dues are only five dollars a month, so nobody can plead poverty as an excuse for not showing the girl his card. While it is not exactly an employment bureau for needy nobles out of wives, and it is not expected that Dukes, Princes, Counts and Barons will be sitting around with their references in hand, like butlers, gardeners and chauffeurs, if any lady with noble ambitions cares to drop in she can see a list of 800 or so real titles available in New York City, and then if she doesn't get her money's worth it's her own fault. Also, if any-one wants fine old names to endorse his products on the radio in an aristocratic voice, the club will supply him with plenty of talent.

It is not only that utterly plebeian person like "Prince" Mike Romanoff and "Lord" Ernest Desmond have been taking honest people in with 100 per cent fraudulent titles, but others, though all-wood are by no means a yard wide.

Sometimes an individual who has legitimately inherited one of the less imposing titles is not content, and while in the United States calmly assumes some of the others that do not belong to him. He is then somewhat in the position of the colored man in the song who said, "My name am Morgan, but it ain't J. P."

Such inflated nobles are specially hard for an American girl, or even her serious-minded father to assess properly, because they always have an imposing set of documents and credentials which only an heraldic expert would know were not quite right. The Baron's membership committee will whitewash these gentlemen down to their true degree of grandeur. It is no more than fair to the fair customer, like printing the exact number of ounces, the alcohol proof and the age of a bottle of whiskey she buys in the store. It is high time to stop this bootleg nobility. Old brandy, aged in the wood, is worth more than new stuff, though that is also good as long as there is no deception about it. The French Government, for instance, is not supposed to pay any attention to the titles of home folks. But, just the same, it keeps the words up-to-date, and more curious still, under an old law passed

One of the Most Famous Impostors, "Prince" Mike Romanoff, as May Be Seen From the Picture Above, Seems to Have Considerable Attraction.

by Napoleon and never repealed, the council of state still has the authority to bestow new titles. Often it does—if the person who wants one has the right political connections and can pay the stipulated fee, which varies in accordance with the size of the bank account and the theoretical "rank" of the desired title.

A title of this sort will be given all the consideration it deserves, and if the club accepts it, the manner in which the holder got it and its age will be shown on his membership card. These titles are genuine and all they need is to be melowed by time.

What the Baron is sternly trying to drive from the market is what might be called the bathtub-gin variety of title which gives the lady who buys it a momentary exhilaration and then an awful headache when she finds out.

These frauds, he says, have become so common that many of the real titleholders are hiding their noble identities behind it is not uniformed taxi-drivers, doormen or waiters, rather than subject themselves to the humiliation of being called impostors.

If all the estimated 800 bona-fide nobles in New York City join, the club's annual income will be about \$44,000 a year, but the Baron, who is president, and the other officers, who are the Marquis Bruno Pope, vice-president; the Count Joseph Monneret de Villard, treasurer, and the Baroness Catherine Henkle-Gebhardt, secretary, will serve without salary. It is not to be a money-making project, and it is expected that the entire take will be spent making investigations, like those which guarantee companies in real estate.

First, when anyone makes application for membership, a cable will be sent to the hereditary office or the council of state in the fatherland. If the authorities over there report that the title he claims with all the names attached just as he has stated them is down on the books, then that settles that.

The club's next problem is to determine if it actually belongs to the person who is using it. Two affidavits from individuals who know the applicant in his native land must be presented, stating that he is the man he says he is. It is not indicated whether the signers of these affidavits will themselves be investigated, but it is assumed they must be persons with a reputation for truth and responsibility.

In addition, there must be two character references and two business references, much the same as if the applicant were seeking a job as butler.



Miss Marie Nielsen, "Miss America" in 1931, Who Was Questioned Concerning the Whoreabouts of "Lord" Ernest Desmond by the Police in Connection With an Extortion Ring Alleged to Have Blackmailed Alfred Smith, Jr.

On top of that, there must be two social references, to prove that, no matter what may have been his previous occupation, he is still known the right people.

Of course, nobody can guarantee that any husband will remain faithful and docile indefinitely, but the girl who is thinking of marrying a title has the right to know if it is likely to get anywhere socially, or if the polished personage is one of those noble parasites who have been thrown out of all the principal palaces of Europe and told to stay out.

There are quite a few other details, such as scrutinizing the candidate's passport to make sure he isn't his good-for-nothing younger brother. If he claims membership in swanky European clubs, he must show membership cards in order to get them recorded on his own union card.

After considerable discussion, it was decided by the membership committee that it would be unsafe to issue courtesy cards to nobles here on a short visit. After all, there would be no real investigation of their claims, and some impostor might use such a card to catch an heiress, which would give the club a bad name.

"We will fight to the last ditch," the Baron told The American Weekly reporter as he already anticipating opposition. "We are going to have a thorough house cleaning. I do not want to mention any names at this time, but

later on, it will be a pleasure to tell the truth about some of the so-called nobles who have married in this country, and when we do, a lot of people are going to be shocked."

The Baron traces his own title to the days of King Philip II. of Spain, but he takes a deep interest in this democratic country, and ever since he came here he has felt an urge to improve it. Soon after he arrived, he has explained, his courtly manner and knightly attitude toward women caused a number of American wives to tell him how different he was from their husbands. After some investigation, he decided that his mission in life should be to teach the art of love to American men.

To accomplish that, he organized a Professional Escort Bureau, but he wanted it clearly understood that he was not conducting a ridiculous gigolo business. On the contrary, this was intended to be a sort of training school for husbands and sweethearts, where they could take post-graduate courses. At the time, he was quoted as saying he received the money for this project by selling the rights to his title at an auction held in a Broadway dance hall. But he now says that was merely a publicity stunt, to attract attention to the place where he was appearing as a professional dancer.

The recent revelations of the self-ennobled "Lord" Ernest Desmond were the last straw, causing the club to be organized. His (phony) Lordship was given a new title by the District Attorney's Office of New York City, Lord of an alleged Blackmail Syndicate, charged with numbering among its vic-

tims Al Smith, Jr., son of the former Governor of New York. After a nationwide search, Desmond was arrested the other day in Los Angeles. This "Lord's" blonde girl-friend, Miss Marie Nielsen, bore the titles of "Miss America" and "Miss New York" of the vintage of 1931. She was questioned as a material witness in the case.

One of the first noble impersonations on a grand scale was that of an Englishman, who took to himself the title of Lord Beresford. There were genuine Lords of Beresford, one of them a black sheep who had disappeared. The fake Lord knew that the family would be slow to denounce him, because it would bring up the misdoings of this scapegrace.

For a decade around the time of the first Chicago Exposition, he swindled American business men and American girls, who hoped to be "Ladyships." Finally he died at fashionable Asheville, N. C., with his dying breath fooling the undertaker into embalming him and placing him in a \$5,000 casket. For two years the mortician held onto the spurious remains in the vain hope that the Beresford family would redeem them.

In the early 1920's Paul Weisman, a capable Boston shoe clerk was told by one of his fair customers that everybody knew by his distinguished foreign manner that he must be a nobleman in disguise. Paul thought it a good idea, dusted off his knees, arose to his full height and announced that he was the Count Paul Anatole Monte, son of the Marquis of Montefiore. If he had also said of Three-Card Monte, they would probably have believed that too.

This man, who had been at the feet of the ladies, now found them all at his feet. They forced so many gifts on

him that he soon had four fur coats and sixty suits of clothes. But, unfortunately, after a couple of years, women all the way from Quebec to Staten Island, New York, complained that he had been making them Countesses, without bothering to even divorce the first Mrs. Weisman. He said it was all a mistake, but the judge didn't believe him and he went to jail.

"Count" Monte used a strange story to lure his heiresses. He said his mother invoked the ghost of a great ancestor from a dark pool on their "estate." When the spook asked what she wanted for her son, the gift of gold or the gift of charm, she replied "charm," and that was the beginning of the "Count's" troubles.

In Germany, for some time after the war, Fraulein Marthe Barth accumulated a considerable fortune by whispering in the ears of faithful adherents of the deposed Royal Family that she was the Princess Margarete of Prussia, an illegitimate daughter of the Crown Prince. She was sweet, sad, dignified, and many people were only too glad to contribute generously. But a couple of old maids in the Prussian Province of Thuringia, who had turned over everything they had, gave evidence which, in 1929, sent her to prison for five years. She was the illegitimate child of a forester who did, in fact, have a trace of royal blood in his ancestry.

Another famous woman impostor was Marion Breuser, an American adventuress, who, by the adoption of the title "Lady Robbins," the purchase of expensive clothes and an expensive automobile, so convinced her victims of the soundness of her title that she was able to take thousands of dollars from them.



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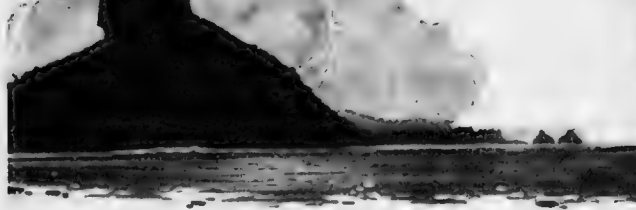


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Bad Man's Island



Fernando de Noronha, the Penal Island Where Brazil Keeps Its Worst Criminals.

Remarkable Penal Settlement on an Island Off the Coast of Brazil Where Each Convict Has His Own Hut, Lives With His Family and the Children of Wardens, Soldiers and Prisoners All Go to School Together

THE notorious penal colony of France on Devil's Island is well known to the readers of The American Weekly, and in these columns have also been pictured and described the American Government's isolation prison on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco harbor. But the Brazilian government has maintained for many years a curious penal colony on what is known as "Bad Man's Island," a hundred and twenty-five miles out in the Atlantic off the coast of Brazil. The name of this island is Fernando de Noronha, and it is seven miles long and a mile and a half wide, and photographs of the convicts are shown for the first time on this page.

This interesting prison island is very different from the French or the American prison islands. It is the home of two thousand people, and fourteen hundred of them are convicts wearing striped uniforms. The convicts are forced to work, and work hard, but they are not locked up in cells and have the freedom to walk about the island. Escape is difficult, and seldom attempted—nobody can swim the hundred miles and more to the shore, and the journey in a small boat is hazardous.

Perhaps the most unique feature of Brazil's island prison is that each convict has a little hut of his own. If he is married, and here he may have his wife and children. He has to work hard for the privilege and he first must serve at least half of his sentence as a bachelor. If he behaves himself during that time, the government then gives him a small house, some land, and brings his family over from the mainland. He has to raise his own food, but this is fairly easy, for the island is rich in fruit trees, coconut palms, and vegetables are easily grown.

Every married convict is given five dollars a month to buy the things he cannot grow, such as meat, which is expensive and scarce on Fernando. He has to buy his own clothing, and most of the convicts wear the striped uniforms, not because they have to, but because the cloth is the cheapest they can buy. The convict's wife and children can wear whatever they please.

Most of the families learn to manage fairly well on their small allowances, and some even leave the island richer than when they arrived. The government helps them make money in order to get a new start in life back home after their terms expire.

The officials have turned over all the stores and shops to the convicts, who are allowed to make a small profit. The position of manager of one of the stores carries with it a fairly good share in the income of the shop. If a convict works hard during his term he can almost always make money.

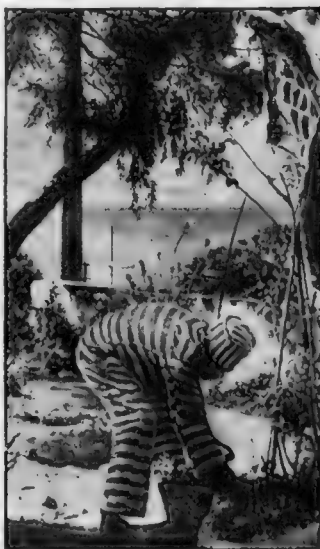
One story is told about a convict who had been banished to "Bad Man's Island" for embezzling bank funds. He had to serve a twenty-year sentence and during that time bought an interest in several stores. With his profits he bought stocks and bonds back home on the mainland. When his term was ended and he returned to his home he was astonished to find that a financial boom had multiplied the value of his holdings many times. He was worth about half-a-million dollars.

There are no taxes of any kind on Fernando, and whatever a convict makes belongs to him. But the money must be made honestly, and those who try to rob or defraud their fellow-prisoners are dealt with severely.

Several years ago a band of counterfeiters was caught and banished to Fernando for long sentences. Time hung heavily on their hands, so they decided to amuse themselves by having a try at their old business. In some way they managed to have their money-making machinery shipped to Fernando. They hid it in an almost inaccessible cave, high up in the island's only mountain. In the afternoon, when the rest of the colony would be taking a nap, the counterfeiters would climb up to their cave and print their fake money. Of course, they did not try to pass the bills on the island, for such wealth would cause an immediate investigation. Instead, they sent the money to relatives and friends on the mainland to open bank accounts for them.

When the money reached the hands of the police a nation-wide search was begun for the criminals. The authorities never suspected the group they

Jose de Barros, Working in the Prison Governor's Garden. This Man Is a Murderer and Has Been on the Island for Twenty-two Years. He Killed a Friend Who Was Flirting With the Girl De Barros Was in Love With.



Convicts Bringing Supplies of Food From the Shore. These Are Bags of Rice, Sugar, Flour, Dried Codfish and Meat.

had just sent to prison. Finally, when the fake currency situation was becoming alarming, a detective was sent to the penal colony to see if the counterfeiters could suggest the names of any likely culprits who might be responsible for the flood of worthless bills.

The detective arrived on a special boat in the afternoon when everyone should have been at home taking a nap. A rail was sent out, but the counterfeiters could not be found. The detective said nothing, but next day enlisted the aid of the soldiers stationed at the fort on the island. In a short time the men were tracked to their cave and caught.

As a punishment they were put in irons and chained to the wall of a building in the public market square, where they were lashed with a whip once every hour for a week. They were given water, but no bread, although they were allowed to beg from their comrades. Rather than see the men die of starvation, the convicts asked the warden of the prison to release the rascals. They promised that there would be no more counterfeit money made on the island. The warden took them at their word and freed the half-dead men. The toughest part

of the punishment was that they had to stand in the open market square during the noonday heat, which often reaches a temperature of 130 degrees.

The more serious crimes, such as murder, are not committed very often on Fernando, but when a convict does take the life of a fellow-prisoner he is banished once again, this time to "Rat Island," a lonely, rocky formation jutting out of the sea six miles from Fernando. He is dumped there like Robinson Crusoe, without food, matches or weapons, and has to get along the best way he can until the authorities get ready to bring him back. Sometimes the outcast starves to death, for the island is almost bare of vegetation. The rats live on bugs and grass and have been known to attack the convicts. The savage animals reached the island on pieces of driftwood after they had been driven from Fernando, where they had nearly wiped out the colony with a plague.

To escape from the attacks of the rats, the convict perches in the top of the tallest tree he can find. Only one convict is sent into solitary confinement on Rat's Island at a time, and with no one to talk to and nothing to eat, the prisoner is said to sometimes



Armed Wardens Keep Guard While the Convicts Unload the Raft Bringing Three Months' Supplies. There Is No Wharf or Landing Float on the Island.



Each Prisoner Has His Own Home and This Is One of Them. They



The Prison Guards and the Soldier Garrison Sit Side by Side Without Distinction.



The 200-Year-Old Church on the Island, of Portuguese Architecture.

be driven to madness or suicide. Some have tried the six-mile motor back to Fernando, only to give the sharks, which infest the South American waters, a tasty meal.

The authorities usually send out a patrol boat to bring the "solitary" back after a few days on Rat's Island if his crime has not been too outrageous. Crimes of violence are not very common on Fernando, due to the easy-going life and the contentment most of the convicts feel. In fact, they like the life on the prison island so well that many of them settle there permanently. While the Brazilian government does not believe in capital pun-

ishment, they used to go to two separate schools, but when the budget was cut down the groups were combined and everyone likes the new arrangement much better.

It gives the children more playmates, and the convicts have a new theatre to take the place of the one that burned down several years ago. They have turned the extra schoolhouse into a combination dance-hall and theatre, where they give parties every Saturday night and plays two or three times a year.

Work in the fields starts early in the morning to avoid the heat of the day sun, and stops between the hours of eleven and three in the afternoon for "meala," when everyone takes a nap. At three the whole colony goes to the market square to buy supplies and gossip over the latest news.

At the penal school, the children are taught to read and write, and to play games. The young men are taken away from their convict parents when they are twelve years old. The girls are sent to a military school and the girls start training as nurses in the government hospital on the mainland.

The only people on Bad Man's Island who might really be called prisoners are the bachelors who actually spend part of their time behind bars. They have to work twice as hard as the heads of families and are treated roughly. They eat and sleep in a cage-like building, known as the "Bachelors' Club." If they show any signs of laziness they are tied to posts and whipped.

There is a boys' school and a girls' school, and the children of the convicts and the children of the guards and the soldier garrison sit side by side without distinction.

It is easy to see that these are not many married men on Fernando. The convicts are not allowed to marry until they have served their term, and then they must wait until they have been married for a year before they can take their wives and children to Fernando. After half their term has been served, they who have never been married are also not allowed to marry until they have served a year. The women prisoners until they are married, work in the fort, cooking and doing housework for the soldiers. They are usually glad to get a husband, if someone among the soldiers or prisoners will propose, for marriage automatically frees a woman convict from her prison duties. But she too, must wait until she has finished half of her sentence of imprisonment before she can get married, and even then she cannot leave the island.

Actually, the bride in such a case is paroled to the care of her husband even though he is a convict himself. If the husband is a convict, the wife is allowed to wait on Fernando for his wife until she is free.

Adventures of the Noble Lord Edward

Born in an Ancestral Castle With Wealth and Every Social Advantage, His Lordship Tells in Dramatic Detail How He Slipped Down and Ended to the Lowest Dregs of Life Among Vermin-Ridden Tramps and Finally Landed in Prison



Consuelo, Former Duchess of Manchester, and Grandmother of Lord Edward Montagu, Who Established a Trust Fund From Which He Receives an Income.

CHAPTER IV. By LORD EDWARD MONTAGU. (Continued from Last Sunday)

NOW I shall retrace my memory to the time when, after my adventures in Detroit I went back to Edmonton, Alberta, and got married. On my return to Edmonton I secured a job. It looked like the first decent job of my life and on the strength of it Miss Norah Potter consented to become my wife. The job was that of private secretary to a man who was managing director of a Canadian oil company, a concern which had Sir William Cope as one of its directors and which raised four million dollars capital from England alone.

My employer was one of the most outstanding figures of the Far West. He had been an oil prospector in Texas; he had dug for gold and he had promoted any number of public companies. And so at Calgary he had struck oil. It was "wet gas" of a high grade and with the help of a crowd of men from Texas who knew the oil-boring game from A to Z, eleven wells were sunk. When, as inevitably happens, one or two of the wells went on fire at times, it was an awesome sight. You could see the reflection in the sky a hundred miles away across the prairie. To give a brief idea of the character of the man whose private secretary I became for \$250 a month and the use of a car, let me say that he decided to build a mansion at Banff, on the fringe of the Rocky Mountains. The place he chose meant that the site had to be cut out of a mountainside into solid rock. Yet he gave orders it was to be ready in a fortnight. It was a large gang of men worked night and day and when my boss stepped in, even the lawns were laid and a hundred-foot-long swimming pool with neon lights under the water was ready.

Oil was booming then. That was 1929. To give you an idea, a hotel proprietor had bought thousands of dollars worth of oil shares some years previously. The stocks had fallen to being practically worthless. So this man had the quaint idea of papering one of his largest bedrooms with the scrip and when he showed a guest in this room he referred to it as "the million dollar suite." Then came the boom and all oil stocks began to soar. The hotel proprietor got busy and he steamed every one of these share certificates off the walls and put them on the market.

I took a nice apartment in Calgary and one fine day I drove in the car the 200 miles to Edmonton in my best bib and tucker to get married. As a man and the bridegroom you must just take my word for it that it was a very good ceremony with nothing really abnormal about it. And after our honeymoon in Banff, that beautiful spot in the Rockies, we returned to Calgary to settle down.

Within a day or so, I took my wife along to meet my employer and I introduced him to her. An hour or two later he rang his bell to summon me and I went to his room.

"Montagu," he said, "you're fired. Go to the cashier and get your pay check with a month's salary in lieu of notice." I stared. "I don't like



Lord Edward Feeding the Pigs at Lord Rodney's Farm Near Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.



His Lordship as an Automobile Salesman in Vancouver, British Columbia.

my employees getting married without letting me know and in any case I make a point of never employing married men as my secretaries."

I knew it was useless to argue and in any case I was not going to let anyone say I had squealed. And so here I was, newly married, and newly sacked. What to do next?

Out West one does not just hang around waiting for a job to come along and hold out its hands and say: "Take me." So we closed the apartment in Calgary and arranged that my wife should go home to her family while I pushed off in the other direction to Vancouver to see what I could pick up there.

I had not enough left for my fare to Vancouver when everything was settled. But I heard there was a freight train with cattle and pigs pulling out one night from Calgary so I went along, interviewed the contractor, and fixed it up to get my ride to Vancouver free in return for my looking after a consignment of pigs. As I told you when writing of my experience on the Rodney's farm, pigs and I had more than a nodding acquaintance. My wife came and saw me off. I waved good-bye from the caboose to my bride of a few weeks.

I have referred in other chapters to the income which came to me in varying amounts from a trust fund which was left by my grandmother, Consuelo. But I have never been able to understand enough of the intricacies of finance to know much about this fund.

My grandmother was a Miss Yaanga, daughter of a Cuban millionaire, and she became eighth Duchess of Manchester by marrying my grandfather. Part of her dowry was the castle and estate of Tanderagee in Ireland, which is one of my father's four estates at present. She entered London society and soon became one of what I believe was known as the Marlborough House set. They were called that because King Edward, when Prince of Wales, lived there and he entertained there a little coterie of intimate friends, men and women. Most of the women, I have been told, were beauties of their day. Perhaps chief among them were my grandmother and Mrs. Willie James.

Well then, when she died she left this quarter of a million dollars in trust for three of us, my sisters Mary, Louise, and myself. My elder brother, who as heir to my father became Viscount Mandeville, had special provision made for him so he did not share in this trust. The trustees appointed by my grandmother were American, but as a matter of convenience a body of English trustees was appointed to administer our affairs until we all became of age. Among these English trustees were Lord Epsborough; the late Sir George Lewis, the famous divorce lawyer who, they say, held the secrets of every family in England in his tin deed

boxes in his offices in Ely Place, London; Sir Archibald Boxall, a Mr. Rowcliffe, and my uncle, Lord Charles Montagu, as my guardians.

When my share of the income from this trust first began to be paid, it was somewhere about \$125 a month, and this went on for some years. Even when I reached my twenty-first birthday the amount paid to me was about \$1,500 a year. I knew nothing of the ins-and-outs of it. I don't know now. You may have guessed by this time from what I have written about myself that finance is not my strong suit.

Well to get back to the pigs and the freight train. It was April. Snow was still on the prairie and we, the farmers with me in the caboose, had every window closed and a big coke stove going. We had chairs and two of them put together at night formed our beds. I had just settled myself as comfortably as possible with my suitcase on a third chair as my pillow that night when there was an awful crash, followed by the screaming of metal on metal. Then the train stopped with a jerk that threw me off my chair across the caboose. We were up in the Rockies and a minor landslide had loosened a huge boulder which had rolled down on to the line. Our engine and five freight cars had left the track. And the cattle and the pigs were moaning and squealing their lungs out with fright.

I stepped out onto the snow beside the track. The car containing the pigs, which were my special charge, had had its doors burst open with the crash. All over the snow, darting here and there, in wild excitement, were my porkers squealing frenziedly. Alone I set about doing a spot of "round-up." I would never have succeeded had it not been for a couple of men who appeared from nowhere giving me a hand to drive the pigs back to the train where they huddled up "waiting further orders." I did not recognize the men as being either farmers or belonging to the train crew. And then I saw, issuing from the rear cars in threes and fours, dark figures which slunk away across the snow. There would be about thirty all told and they reminded me of rats leaving a sinking ship. I found they were hoboes who had "humped" the freight train, getting free conveyance from one town to another, just as, less than a year later, I was to do in order to get from Vancouver to Seattle.

A message was sent down the line for the wrecking train, as it is called, to come up, and about seven hours later it arrived. They got the line clear, and then they took the cars of our train which could run and attached them to the wrecking train and we pushed off again for Vancouver. We got the cattle and the pigs aboard all right but



Waterfront View of Vancouver, British Columbia, Where Lord Edward Tried His Hand at Selling Insurance and Automobiles.



Kimbolton Castle, One of the Family Estates of the Manchesters.

as all our watering arrangements had been smashed up we had to solve the cattle and pig-drinking problem by turning hoses on the straw and letting them suck the straw as best they could.

And so at length I reached Vancouver and began what was a kind of Odyssey along the Pacific Coast of Northern America of a very varied nature for nearly five years.

When I arrived at Vancouver on the freight train, I had no very clear idea what I was going to do in the way of a job. My financial position was that I was drawing an income from the trust estate of my grandmother, Consuelo, which I have explained already. This income since I first began to have it has fluctuated greatly. As I said it went up at one time to \$5,000 a year owing to the boom in America, where the money is invested. And it has come down to about \$1,350 a year.

Now I was married with a wife to keep. She was back home in Edmonton and I had to see about getting something to do in Vancouver. The first job I secured was that of life insurance agent, on commission. But all the people I called on seemed to be terribly optimistic about their health and their prospects of living to a ripe old age. Policies did not come along fast and furious. So as a sideline I took to selling stocks and motor cars.

I would call at a house and interview the good lady thereof. My first line of talk was on insurance and the advisability of her husband providing for her in case "anything happened." I never became more precise as to the probable cause of an untimely demise than "something happening." When they told me their husbands were already insured, I switched on to the immediate instead of the distant future and suggested some investments in the shares I was selling. And when that came to nothing I shot my last bolt by offering the best value in Canada in motor cars.

Once I varied the formula, with dire results. I called on a lady with a marked Scottish accent and put up the motor car business first. To my joy—not to say almost my amazement—she agreed that they were looking for a small car. In due course I effected the sale and while I was hanging around waiting for her husband to come home to sign the agreement and pay over the check, I thought I would improve the shining hour by introducing one of my other lines. Without realizing what a first class, darned idiot I was I said: "Now, madam, as you are buying a motor car, don't you think it would be an appropriate time to insure your husband's life?"

She looked at me thoughtfully and went rather pale, I thought. And when her husband arrived

Edward Montagu

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Edward Montagu, Who
Was Miss Norah Potter, of
Alberta, Canada.



"I had just settled myself as comfortably as possible on three chairs in the caboose with my suitcase as my pillow that night, when there was an awful crash, followed by the screaming of metal on metal. Then the train stopped with a jerk that threw me off my chairs across the caboose. We were up in the Rockies and a minor landslide had loosened a huge boulder which had rolled down on to the line. Our engine and five freight cars had left the track. And the cattle and the pigs were moaning and squealing their lungs out with fright."

"I slept out onto the snow beside the track. The car containing the pigs which were my especial charge had had its doors burst open with the crash. All over the snow, darting here and there in wild excitement, were my porkers squealing frenziedly. Alone I set about doing a spot of 'round-up'."

she took him
aside. Presently
he came back to
me.

"My wife
and I have been
talking over it,"
he said, "and
she seems a bit
nervous about
my driving a

r. I think we'll let it stand over for a little." I
ent down the road wondering how people who
are not contortionists manage to kick themselves.

At last, as I had decided Vancouver was no
I Dorado for me, an invitation came to me from
well-known man in San Francisco to go down
a New Year's party. It was a matter of 750
iles, but I am convinced that a party promises
be good—and this one did—a trifle of distance
ver worries me. The party was to be on the
riday night and on Wednesday at 6 p. m. I left
ictoria with my car in the boat for Seattle. At
n-thirty that night I drove out of Seattle on
y 700-odd mile run to San Francisco.

The straight and main highway was closed
wing to snow and so I took the Redwood High-
ay, a famous road that runs down the Pacific
astline just on the foothills of the Rockies.
very now and then, my headlights would show
e a sign which read "Landslide Ahead." I had
slow down until I came to where a pile of
rth and boulders from the mountainside had
id down and blocked up the route. Several
mes I had a look at the fall and seeing that it
as only earth I reversed and then charged
rough at full speed. And I got into San Fran-
sco at five a. m. on Friday having completed
e 740 miles in 30½ hours quite alone.

The party turned out to be well worth my
tle run and then I went on to Del Monte and
on Angeles. In L. A., as they call it in California,
aul Cavanagh, the stage and film star, invited
e to stay with him. He was at the time acting
film with Elissa Landi as the leading lady and
e second night I was there he threw a party for
lissa. George Bancroft was another of the crowd.
passing I may say I found Elissa Landi a very
nied reserved young woman and nothing in the
ast like preconceived ideas of a movie star.

Next day I went along to Hollywood and after
sing some of the shots of the film with Paul
nd Elissa Landi. I went along to the studios
here they were shooting some scenes in "Grand
otel." Auriol Lee, the producer, was there. She
nd I have been friends for many years and she
ntroduced me to John Barrymore and his brother,
ionel. They both struck me as being terribly
ighstrung, especially John, who paced up and
on the studio biting nervously at his upper lip
nd seemed very preoccupied.

I was standing talking to Auriol Lee and John

Van Druten, the author of "Young Woodley" who
was out in Hollywood adapting script, when I saw
a girl sitting on a chair in a corner by herself.
She looked very frail and tired and she just sat
staring straight ahead of her. Her face seemed
familiar to me and I asked Auriol Lee who she
was and if she were in the picture. It was Greta
Garbo. Don't be afraid. I am not going into
rhapsodies over any film actress. Taken as a
whole, they give me a pain in the neck.

Almost every evening I was at the house of one
of the screen stars. Sometimes it was to cocktail
parties; sometimes dinner parties. But whatever
the parties, they were, I must say, interesting
and cheery. Eddie Goulding, who directed "Grand
Hotel," Talullah Bankhead—for whom as I told
you earlier I had a youthful "crush," never before
confessed; Joan Crawford, and Kay Francis were
among the bunch of people I came across most. In
Hollywood, people all form themselves into cliques.
And one clique just does not know the people in
another. They all have one thing in common, I
found. They try as hard as they can to be Eng-
lish in their ways, their manners, and their speech.
They do not all succeed. Now and then, I met
lots of extremely nice men and women because I
went to parties where these people were and be-
cause these people were not just in the very front
rank of stardom, I got black looks and broad hints
from some of the people in the clique which I had
happened to drift into. One person I must con-
fess I fell in love with from the moment I was
introduced to her, the late Marie Dressler. But
then, of course, everybody loved her. Within half
an hour of our meeting, she called me, "My lamb."
I could have let myself be mothered by her for
the rest of my life.

Now I wondered if I could get a job to act
in one of the studios. At first, I got the frozen
mitt. It was conveyed to me that they weren't
just welcoming "English Lords," as one director
put it to me. In any case, there was a fine of \$1,000
and six months' imprisonment for any foreigner
working without a permit. But someone—I will
not say who—fixed it for me just the same. I
drew my salary in a very roundabout way. The
picture I went into with a small part was "The
Rich Are Always With Us," featuring Ruth Chat-
terton and George Brent. It did not feature me,
I need hardly say. As I was almost broke the
title struck me as funny. But I do not think I
have ever worked harder in my life.

Hard, that is to say, in the sense of long
hours standing about on my feet. They "took."
I found, from all sorts of different angles, the
same scene or even part of one over and over again
till I figured it that the only way they did not
photograph people was upside down. I was on
the set fourteen hours one day to do forty-five
seconds acting.

One thing I found about Hollywood that sur-

prised me. It is as cheap a place as I ever lived
in. My bachelor apartment—my wife did not come
down till later—cost me fifty dollars a month. I
would have paid four times that for its equal in
London. I got really good meals in the little places
where the crowd of people go for 25 cents. Veget-
ables and fruit were dirt cheap. Oranges, three
for two cents; peaches, one cent each; peas and
French beans, four cents a pound. All the same,
I never had much money. I did not have much,
fortunately, on each of the two occasions I was
held up.

The first time I was walking along Hollywood
Boulevard with a friend, Horace Thompson, at 2
a. m. Near what is called the Mount of Olives,
I saw two men approaching. Some hunch made me
say to Horace: "I bet they're going to hold us
up." I had hardly said it when the men ap-
proached us quickly and one of them whipped
out an automatic and stuck it in my ribs while
the other did the same to Horace.

"Stick 'em up," ordered the man, who was at-
tending to me. And as they looked like busi-
ness, we stuck 'em. Then the other man ran
his hand over us while the first held the gun.
They were unlucky. I had 60 cents. Horace had
even less.

"This all you've got?" asked one man. I nod-
ded. He handed me back 10 cents. "Here, keep
this and get yourself a cup of coffee," he said.
"You may as well have the lot if you're taking
any," I said. "I live just close by and I don't
require coffee. But tell me, as a matter of idle
curiosity I'd like to know, you sound like an Eng-
lishman. Are you?"

He nodded, rather sulkily, I thought. I then
asked him how long he had been in California.
"Two or three weeks," he told me, still with the gun
hanging around my digestive organs. He seemed
smarmily enough dressed; he had white trousers,
which looked well laundered.

"And why the deuce are you doing this sort
of thing?" I asked. Because, he informed me, he
was down and out and wanted the price of a square
meal.

"Don't be such a damn fool," I said. "I've been
down and out many a time and hungry. But I
haven't gone around sticking people up."

He would say no more except to tell us to turn
round "and keep on walking without looking back."
We did so and a short distance along the road
I at last turned my head. There was no sign of
them. We met a police patrol car and stopped it
and told them about the hold-up. A few days later
we were asked to go to the identification parade,
which is held in Los Angeles every Wednesday.

But we did not see our needy friends then, or again.
The next time I was held up I was alone, sit-
ting on a seat at the corner of Hollywood Boul-
levard and Vine Street. A man came along and sat
down. I was in a brown study, thinking of pros-

pective jobs, when I felt something hard in my
side and a voice saying: "Put them up." I
turned to see the fellow who had just sat down.
From his voice he sounded educated. He struck
luckier than the other fellow, for I had about
ten dollars on me, which he took. Again, I
asked this fellow what on earth he was doing it
for.

"You sound educated and decently bred," I
added.

"I'm a college student," he informed me. "And
once I paid my fees I've nothing to live on. That's
why I need your money."

"Look here," I reasoned with him. "If you're
as badly stuck as you make out, I don't mind
finding you a room for the night."

He was suspicious at first, but when he saw I
was genuine in my offer, he came with me to a
hotel near-by where they know me. I told the
night clerk to give him a room and that I would
be responsible. Next morning I went along to
see how he was getting on. They told me that
he had left in a hurry at seven o'clock and had
left a note for me. I opened the envelope. "Thanks
very much. Hope to repay you some day," was
all that was on the scrap of paper. But he still
owes me the ten dollars I "lent" him.

Now, if you expect me to tell you about wild
parties in Hollywood, I am afraid I have to dis-
appoint you. Except for a few "ham actors and
actresses," who blew into Hollywood and out again
in a few weeks, no one who works in the film
world could possibly live it up and make whoopee
at nights and be able to stand the long hours in the
studios. But I did attend one interesting function
in Los Angeles—the Bootleggers' Ball?

All the bootleggers of Los Angeles, which,
of course, includes Hollywood, used to foregather
once a year, and sink any differences they might
have in treading the light fantastic, and, of course,
the consumption of a goodly quantity of the wares
they dealt in. I was specially privileged in being
invited as a guest. My particular host explained
to me that it would give "the party some tone
to have a real lord present," so I did not get in
altogether on my intrinsic merits, if any.

For the evening, one of the ballrooms in the
Negro quarter of Los Angeles had been hired. It
was like a luxurious garden with the flowers that
were hung everywhere. The little alcoves at the
side of the floor were turned into bowers each of
which must have cost hundreds of dollars.

Each of the principal bootleggers had his own
table, and his own party which consisted of his
"moll," or particular charmer of the moment, two
or three girl friends of hers, and his "protection"
men, under whose jackets one could sense the auto-
matics on their shoulder straps. But there was no
trouble at all. All went "merry as a marriage

(Continued on Page 21,

Help Wanted—Male? by Marian B. Cockrell



"Hello. Yeah. Look, Serena, I'm sorry—oh, but listen—Serena!" He jiggled the Hook Frantically. "She's hung up."

ROSALIE rang the bell of apartment 4C, and gathered her forces. She had forty-five cents and the rent on her small room was paid for two more days. After that...

The small newspaper clipping she held tightly in her hand was from the Help Wanted—Male column. It didn't actually say they wanted a man, and it could have got into the wrong column. Anyway, it was a straw and she was clutching at it.

The door opened suddenly and a man strode out. "Fifteen bucks!" he muttered disgustedly, and slammed the door hard, but not before Rosalie had slipped past him into the apartment.

"Why do they all aim it?" a voice said sadly, and she saw a nice looking blond young man and a nice looking dark young man standing there in the living room, looking harassed.

"Hello," said the dark one. "Wonder you'd just refused the princely salary of fifteen bucks per week?"

"The depression must be over," she said. "Funny I hadn't heard."

"I suppose you're selling something. Well, you're in the wrong stable," the blond one said. "I'm a poor man."

"I'm a poor man too," said the other, "but I can still offer you a cup of tea. Won't you sit down?"

"Is this the way you always interview cooks?" Rosalie asked. "It doesn't seem very businesslike."

"Cook!" the blond one exclaimed. "We want a man."

"You need a woman," she told him firmly. "Stable is the word for it," she went on, surveying the cluttered apartment with such a critical scornful eye that they both looked uncomfortable.

"What do you want a cook for?" the dark one asked. "Because I can't qualify for the Old Ladies' Home," she told him snappishly. Hunger didn't improve the disposition.

"Now look here," said the blond one. "We advertised for a man and we're gonna get one. Huh, Dave?"

"Yes," said Dave. "You can't work for us. Think of your reputation."

"Fifteen dollars will be enough," Rosalie said. "I'm a good cook and I can clean up this place."

"Impossible," said Dave. "Not to be thought of," said the other.

"If I were forty and fat and respectable looking," she said in a hopeless little voice, "you'd take me in a minute. I'm broke, and I need a job."

They looked at each other solemnly.

"Well, Hank," said Dave. "I'll have her to serve us, like the gods of yore."

Hank said. "After all, I always say, just like you good as they are."

"Better, I hope," said Rosalie. "She was thinking that they were both very good looking. Especially Hank. Just the way a man ought."

"You'd better be a good cook," Hank said. "What? Oh! Oh, thank you! Honestly, you won't regret it. I'll be a model cook," she told them exuberantly.

"Model cook," Hank muttered. "Model."

ROSALIE rang the bell at noon the next day. She wore a maid's uniform under her coat, bought out of her first week's salary, which they had insisted on advancing to her. The uniform would probably keep them from insisting on her eating dinner with them, as they had done last night.

Oh, she shouldn't have rung the bell. They wouldn't be here of course. She was about to turn away and find the superintendent or whoever could let her in when the door opened, and Hank stood there. He wore a smock, and had green paint on his face.

Damned, she stood and looked at him. An artist. He'd—why, he'd always be at home. She hadn't counted on that.

"Good morning," he said. "Good morning," she came in and took off her coat. An easel stood near the large window. It must have been somewhere around last night, but she hadn't noticed it.

"I thought no one would be here," she said faintly. "I won't bite you," Hank said shortly. "I'll try not to disturb you."

"Yes," he said. "Have you had breakfast?" she asked distantly. He hadn't be so rude.

"Yeah. Just fix yourself something." He turned casually back to his work. It looked like an illustration for a magazine.

the bedroom not knowing he was there, and found him gazing at the picture with an odd expression.

"Probably wishes it belonged to him," Rosalie reflected. "Just what he would wish."

He came out in a few minutes, though, looking pleasant enough.

"Roy?" he said. "I'd like to paint you."

"What?" she asked suspiciously. "I mean for a magazine cover," he reassured her. "Just your head, in that little gadget, looking sort of roguish."

"I don't look roguish, Mr. Monroe," Rosalie straightened the little gadget, which was a frilly white cap made of ruffles.

"I expect you could manage it," he said dryly. "She'd like to throw something at him, the sarcastic thing."

"I was just thinking that I'm not a very good actor," she said sharply. "It would be very difficult to look roguish at you."

Hank grinned—a nice wide grin. "Purrry! Just a nice Roy," he said. "You at there and think of your commission—if it sells. You see, I can't afford models right now—it would be a big favor."

He added engagingly. "Why couldn't he be like that all the time?"

"I should think you'd hire models," he said. "I've heard of a model."

"I've heard of a model," he said. "I've heard of a model."

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In Which the Cook Turns Out to Be the Right Maid After All. Complete in This Issue.

She must be Serena. You just couldn't tell about men. Well, if he were as disagreeable to Serena as he was to her—away, she'd fix them—calling her a snappy blonde babe.

THE next afternoon when Dave came home Rosalie met him at the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Quentin."

"Good, uh!" Dave stopped, staring.

"Whoops!" said Hank, who hadn't seen the apparition before either.

Rosalie set the table, moving back and forth between the living room and the kitchen. Her yellow hair was skinned back so tightly it lifted her eyebrows. She had removed all makeup. The tortoise-shell glasses she had found in the case perched on her small nose.

"Rosalie!" She turned on him an imbecile, cross-eyed stare, and Dave slumped in horrified limpness in his chair. "Oh, my, my!"

Every time Dave looked at Rosalie she calmly crossed her eyes. Hank punctuated the meal with sudden whoops and preserved a solemn calm the rest of the time. He was very cheerful during dinner, but later they got to arguing again. They seemed to do a good bit of arguing.

"Of course you can't let her go now," she heard Hank say. "But it was a dumb idea anyhow."

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"And Serena will be jealous," she finished for him. "I think I'd better go, Mr. Monroe."

"Hank looked at her in alarm. "You shall not," he said. "Beaumont, you can't. Because she phoned from downstairs and they'll be here in a minute! Oh, damn!"

Rosalie jumped up and hastily donned her glasses, rubbed off lipstick, and snatched her hair back with a round comb.

"Take those things off," Hank said. He reached for her but she slipped away from him. The doorbell rang.

"What's her last name?" she whispered.

"Pobble," Hank whispered back, "but don't!"

But Rosalie was already opening the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Quentin," she said. "Good evening, Miss Pobble."

"When you call me that, smile," Serena Pobble said grimly. "What's your name?"

"I'm the cook."

"Serena looked her over slowly. "The-cook," she said. "How very nice."

"Hank it!" Rosalie answered calmly, and took her coat and hung it in the closet in the hall.

"Not in front of the servant!" she heard Serena say from the living room, in a cold voice. Rosalie felt her face growing hot. She hoped she'd have enough self-control not to pour soap on the creature. "You didn't tell me your new cook was a woman," Serena's voice went on.

Rosalie hurriedly crossed from the hall to the kitchen. These apartments were so darn small—you could hear everything that was said anywhere. Well, if they didn't know that by this time—

"Well, you see—" Hank was saying. "I didn't think—I mean—"

"I understand," said Serena. Rosalie didn't think she was very well named. She had tried not to be with And, she realized grudgingly, Serena was a knock-out, but hardly a serene one. More the fiery, throwing-things type.

"Of course she does," Dave said.

"Still," said Serena, "it's something of a surprise."

"Him?" said Dave. "Yeah." His voice sounded uncomfortable. "I—uh—hired her. Hank wasn't—but I talked him—"

Rosalie went in determinedly and set the table.

"How did you happen to get this job?" Serena asked her.

"I came in and asked for it," Rosalie said. The large glasses slipped down on her nose. Hank glared at her as she pushed them up again. Well, he hadn't think he could make her seem to be something the least dragged in just for the benefit of a girl who didn't even appreciate him.

"I'll tell you're a good baker," Serena said. There was an uncomfortable silence.

Rosalie served them an excellent dinner, during long pauses in the conversation.

"Rosalie's a fine cook," Dave said. "Really, Serena, we wouldn't have hired her if she weren't such a good cook. I mean we wouldn't have kept her. I mean, I wouldn't. I mean—"

"Go on, pass the buck," Rosalie thought savagely, stacking dishes in the kitchen.

"Each of you is keeping her because the other wants her. I take it," Serena's voice was still matter-of-fact, but it was acquiring something of an edge.

"No, no," Dave said. "You see, Hank's name—"

Hastily Rosalie came into the room. "Will you have coffee, Miss Pobble?"

Serena regarded her as though she were one of the more unpopular insects, and Hank said. "Just set the tray down."

Rosalie departed. At last she'd be spared the temptation to pour coffee on her.

The conversation from the other room took on a clinier note for the moment, although Serena wasn't exactly beaming. Rosalie could hear her walking about the room.

"The girl at least keeps the place clean," she conceded in a superior tone. "Why—what's this? Well! A frozen feeling clutched at Rosalie's throat. Oh—why hadn't she thought to turn the thing to the wall?"

Hank groaned exasperatedly. "I'm only trying to save money," he said. "She's modeling on commission. Serena, don't you see—"

"I see a picture of that—"

"You're protecting her too," Serena said accusingly. "I didn't think you were like that, Dave. You've been coming to see me just so I wouldn't notice how Hank was neglecting me! You didn't care!" Serena sounded as though she were about to cry.

"I didn't!" Dave's voice was anguished. "They didn't either. You know Hank would never—"

"You must've been going to see her a good deal," Hank said.

"What of it?" Dave said angrily. "I've held off all this time, but when you begin treating her like—"

(Continued on Page 21)



"When you call me that, smile," Serena Pobble Said, Grimly. "Who are you?" "I'm the cook."

The irritable, bad-tempered thing. She'd be glad when Serena married him and took him away.

She slammed dishes about noisily. Ruining her hands.

THE next afternoon Hank was crosser than usual.

"Of all the seditious models I've ever had," he said exasperatedly, "you're the most seditious. Can't you keep still?"

Rosalie jumped up. "I'm not a professional model! If you think I enjoy sitting day after day with my legs getting smug and lines coming in my face from the silly smirk you insist on, listening to the most disagreeable man I've ever seen complain and sigh and groan and growl and—"

Hank burst out laughing. "You sound just like Serena. All women like that, or am I just unlucky?"

"I don't care if you never sell anything!" she told him icily. "I don't care."

"Aw, at down and look roguish," Hank said wearily. "Why should you care?"

Why, indeed? Rosalie slumped dejectedly in the chair and took the accustomed pose, looking at him reproachfully over her shoulder. The phone rang.

"I'll get it," he said. "Hello. Yeah. Look, Serena, I'm sorry. I—oh, but listen—Serena!" He jiggled the hook frantically.

"She's hung up!"

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing at all. Serena just said she was coming up and had dinner with us. That fool Dave is bringing her here!"

"Well, why not? I can easily cook for a guest."

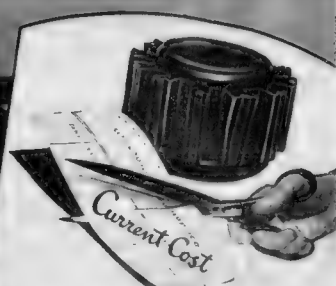
"But—goah. You don't know Serena. You see—I—uh, haven't happened to mention you and—"

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Force of Habit

A Short Fiction Story Complete on This Page.

By M. N. Thomas

MR. RIBBON'S thin face always wore an abstracted expression even when he was talking, as though he were not concentrating on what he was saying, but on some intricate mental calculation. When he was poring over cash columns in the bank as now, he was lost to the world, rapt in a sphere where figures ruled and every penny has its place, where right could always be proved and irregularities quickly spotted, quite unlike the topsy-turvy world. His face looked almost animal when he was counting, like a lit turnip lantern, while his long forefinger slipped down the ledger and his muttered additions gathered breathless momentum.

"Mr. Ribbon!"

He was started in his flight of figures which fell round him like Alice in Wonderland's pack of cards. He would never now have any satisfaction in adding up that column.

"Well, Brown, what is it? Can't you see I'm busy?"

"Yes, sir, but I wonder if you'd mind checking this. I think there's something wrong. I can't trace fifty thousand dollars, and Masters hasn't come in this morning."

Even Mr. Ribbon had to leave his mental arithmetic while he tried to absorb what his assistant was telling him.

"Masters hasn't come in yet. Masters hasn't come in yet!" he repeated stupidly. "You mean, Brown, that you think Mr. Masters?"

"I never liked that chap," Brown vouchsafed darkly.

"It's not a case of like, it's a case of right, Brown," Mr. Ribbon said severely. "Quite possibly you have made a mistake in your calculations, and anything may have detained Mr. Masters. It's early yet."

"It's eleven o'clock," Brown replied heavily, and added bitterly, "he was always the first to arrive in the morning."

"I cannot count and listen to you, Brown," Mr. Ribbon said with uncanny unreasonableness. "Dear, dear. You're sure everything is here? Yes, you're certainly fifty thousand dollars down. Never happened to us before. Most unforeseen. I can hardly think Masters—such a pleasant, polite young man—"

Brown regarded him somberly while he thought of the times Masters had endeavored his dull moments by peaking his shoulders, sucking in his cheeks, and making his voice whistle down his nose in a very fair imitation

of Mr. Ribbon. "It's had what so very few people have nowadays—polite. But come, come, Brown, we mustn't stand here doing nothing. We'll go straight in to see Mr. Pugh. Bring your books. Most curious. Most painful. I never saw anyone count bank notes quite so quickly as he," he added almost sadly. "Of course, he may have nothing to do with it; we may be putting two and two together and making five."

Mr. Pugh was of the opinion that Masters might have a lot to do with it. He had never liked the fellow, it transpired now, he looked one too dead in the eyes—suspicious, that, when one came to think of it.

"You'll not make it public, will you, sir?" Mr. Ribbon asked fearfully.

"Not make it public! Mr. Pugh exclaimed explosively. "Not make it public! The head office will have every policeman and detective after him from New York to San Francisco. Do you think they'll let that narrow-eyed fox get off with...?"

"No, no, I'm sure they won't," Mr. Ribbon interposed hurriedly. "I only meant to keep it private—not to spoil our customers' confidence."

"Customers' confidence be damned, it's that fear of a clerk's confidence that matters. It was like him to do it at a holiday week-end—he's had three good days' start on us, the swindler! And the money just came in, too, we haven't even the numbers. The head office will make a fine song about this."

Masters did not hear what the head office said, but he could imagine it fairly vividly, and he was able to read in the newspapers from day to day of the fruitless search that was being made for the absconding bank clerk. At first, editors gave front page space to the daring, well-thought-out robbery, but as time wore on, and alleged accomplices proved disappointing it was relegated to the inside pages. Masters felt quite safe when it had dwindled to a mere paragraph stating that the bank had doubled their reward for information which would lead to a conviction; he knew enough to tell from that intimation that so far the police had no clue to his whereabouts.

It was a theft of which even a story book crowd might just be proud. A very detail planned months beforehand, a leisure affair, for Masters never made the mistake of hurrying. Any other clerk who had stolen \$50,000 from



Masters Raised His Head Strenuously and Was Startled to See, Looking at Him With a Curious Flirt, Mr. Grimson.

the bank where he worked would have been almost certain to have made a wild dash abroad with his suddenly amassed fortune.

But Masters had not muddled himself up with any incriminating forged passports. It gave him a feeling almost of complacency to think that, as the crew flew, he was still not so very far from the bank he had robbed, going in and out of Mrs. Verrall's boarding-house like any

other of her lodgers. He had grown quite accustomed to being addressed as Mr. Boyd, although even now, when he caught sight of himself unexpectedly in a mirror, he was startled and had to adjust himself to the change of his appearance. He had read somewhere that a clever crook was secure until he became confident, but he could not refrain from giving himself a mental pat on the back when he heard himself grudgingly agreeing with Mrs. Soutar at the breakfast table that these miseries were never, never worth it, and how grieved that young man Masters' mother would have been had she been alive.

"So much wear and tear on the conscience for a mere \$50,000," said little Miss Pinnock who had barely \$10 a week to live on, in her tiny, high voice like piccolo notes.

"He'll be caught yet," Mr. Grimson, heavy-jowled and dogged, affirmed lugubriously. Masters looked across the table at him with dislike. His eyes had as many wrinkles round them as a bloodhound's, and his face had much the same depressed, low-browed expression. He certainly would have been caught, thought Masters, had he had the bravado in the first place to commit a robbery, for the simple reason that by expecting failure he courted it toward him. Robbery, however, was quite the last means that would ever enter Mr. Grimson's square, methodical head to make money; exacting of others, he was punctilious himself, particularly about paying back even a stamp—the type of man, in short, Masters thought disgustedly, whom relations always made their trustee.

Everyone in the establishment,

except Mr. Grimson, who was suspicious on principle of all charm, which he looked upon as an insidious form of insincerity, liked the new young boarder; he was unfailingly cheerful and obliging and kept "the table" bright. He was utterly different from the other two men boarders, Mr. Blevinsright, who was so afraid of mispronouncing a word that he hardly ever spoke, and from dogmatic Mr. Grimson, who, although very reliable everyone was sure, was always rather like a bull at a picnic.

Even Mrs. Verrall liked Mr. Boyd, and she judged people from the hypercritical standard of whether or not they made "good" boarders. That was why, although Mr. Grimson was her oldest paying guest and paid her regularly as clock-work every Monday morning, Mrs. Verrall felt there was a lack in him, for he never could tell her whether or not he was coming in for a meal or, if he were, when. No one ever missed Mr. Grimson, but they all felt rather flat when the new boarder failed to appear and asked each other if they had seen nice Mr. Boyd. He became known as "our Mr. Boyd" when he had not been there for more than three weeks.

They liked him so much that when he had to leave them, they, as a small token of their regard, raised a subscription and presented him with a leather notebook. He wondered what they would all feel if they could see into his mind as he stood up, blinking the pinky-looking eyes, and thanked them in a most felicitous speech. He spoke for some time so gracefully and gratefully that the pocketbook grew much handsomer in the eyes of each subscriber, and a glow of satisfaction permeated everyone sitting at the table, except Mr. Grimson, who was fingering his knife while he pondered the hazardous journey of his second cup of tea down the long chain of hands.

"So you're leaving us, Mr. Boyd," he boomed suddenly and twarthy cursed Miss Erricks for stopping his tea into the saucer—

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid I spend my life just passing through these days," Masters answered, and looked sorrowfully over at young Miss Smith, who was suddenly covered with delightful confusion.

"What do you travel for?" Mr. Grimson demanded more than asked, in his usual bombastic

"Soap."

"Ah! Should be a paying business—we all need soap." "Yes, up to your eyes in bubbles and all that kind of thing. If you will excuse me, Mrs. Verrall, I will just go upstairs and finish my packing; yes, the taxi's coming at five-thirty."

As he climbed the creaking stairs to his bedroom he told himself he was to leave this hole with its shabby gentility, its ole-

graphs of long dead Verralls hanging on the walls, and its fussy old women inmates who were always so glad to see him, the next all the wrong people at all those cackling old women with names like drugs, who looked as though they would spit the atom with a hat-pin in a back bedroom and spin the world into space. And that monotonous man, Grimson, who was over fifty and no farther on than when he was thirty, still in a boarding-house. It baffled Masters how anyone could call so drab and uneventful an existence life.

He had always hankered after the best, spent more than he had, he had never paid Brown back that last \$10—and now he could enjoy the best of everything. He bent to shut his suitcase, and his lips twitched as he thought of where he would be tomorrow—no more returning home to mince, which was cold roast beef the day before, and would be curry tomorrow. No one could make a joint go farther than Mrs. Verrall.

He bade goodby to Mrs. Soutar and to diffident Miss Pinnock, who never passed in her plate for a second helping because it looked like a reflection on her first, and competitive Miss Clark, who always managed to get the best chair in the drawing-room, and, although a comparative newcomer, to sit in it as though it were her prerogative. He remembered to be coy with rough Miss Erricks, and to hold flattered Miss Smith's hand a little longer than he had held any of the others.

He waved to them from the grunting taxi-cab, which felt whenever it was put into motion as though it would fall to pieces at any moment. Once he reached the station, paid the taxi driver and procured a porter, he made his way through the crowded station to the ticket window and passed a large bill to the clerk. The man pushed a ticket to Los Angeles and a futter of notes across to him, and Masters stepped aside to count his change.

He was standing, pressing the chair in the ball of his left thumb while his right index-finger checked them off, when he felt he was being watched. He raised his head stealthily and was startled to see, looking at him with a curious flirt, Mr. Grimson, whom he had seen only a quarter of an hour ago standing on the door-step of the boarding-house.

"What do you want?" Masters, unaccountably ashamed, demanded fiercely. "I am a detective," said Mr. Grimson, "and I want you to come with me to explain why a salesman counts notes like an expert bank clerk."

Curious Story of the Painting of Christ in the Pirate's Cabin

ST. JAMES' Episcopal Church at Wilmington, North Carolina, there is a strange reminder of the days when the sea-coast of that district was infested with pirates—strange, because it is not the kind of relic that is ordinarily associated with pirates. It is a painting of the Saviour, wearing the crown of thorns and bound in readiness to be taken to Golgotha.

How this picture happens to be hanging in the vestry of the historic old church is a curious story.

A fleet of ships manned by Spanish buccaners raided the plantations near the mouth of Cape Fear River, in the Fall of 1747, and then sailed up the

stream, in an effort to capture Wilmington.

But messengers rode over the country, arousing everyone, and about a thousand men gathered at a strategic point at what was then the town of Brunswick.

The pirates trained their guns for action and cleared their decks on Brunswick.

The battle lasted four days and nights.

In the early morning of the fourth day, a cannon ball fired from the town crashed into the powder magazine of the ship that was furthest up the river, causing an explosion and wrecking it in such a position that the others could not get past it. The pirates decided they had better

retreat, and save their skins.

The wrecked ship was on fire, but a few sailors boarded it. When they entered the captain's cabin a strange sight confronted them. The walls had been splintered and shattered with cannon balls and rifle fire, and on the floor were several mangled bodies. But one of the inner bulkheads had not been damaged, and on it hung a picture that belonged in a cathedral, instead of in a scene of violence.

It was a painting of Christ—some unknown artist's conception of how He appeared when Pilate said "Ecce Homo," or "Behold the Man," as he presented the Saviour to the rabble clamoring for His crucifixion.

The rest of the vessel was searched, and a quantity of valuable loot was found—but nowhere was there anything to disclose where this picture came from, or who painted it. The settlers who discovered it were not students of painting, but they could see that it was a work of art, and as quickly as possible they took it from the burning ship.

For several years it was held by the colonial government, and finally, in 1753, the General Assembly of North Carolina gave it to St. James' Church, where it has been ever since. During the Revolutionary War, the old church was used by the British as a hospital and later as a military stable, but the painting was not molested.

Many people have gone to the church to see it, and a few years ago an artist said it was evidently painted by someone of exceptional skill, apparently—judged by the style—a member of the Spanish school. But no one has ever been able to identify this painter, or learn how the picture came into the possession of the pirates. In all probability, it was either taken from some vessel attacked on the high seas, or from the sacked hacienda of some wealthy Spaniard in the West Indies or Latin America.

But why did the pirate captain hang it on the wall of his cabin, as if he were a religious man, after all, instead of a cut-throat?

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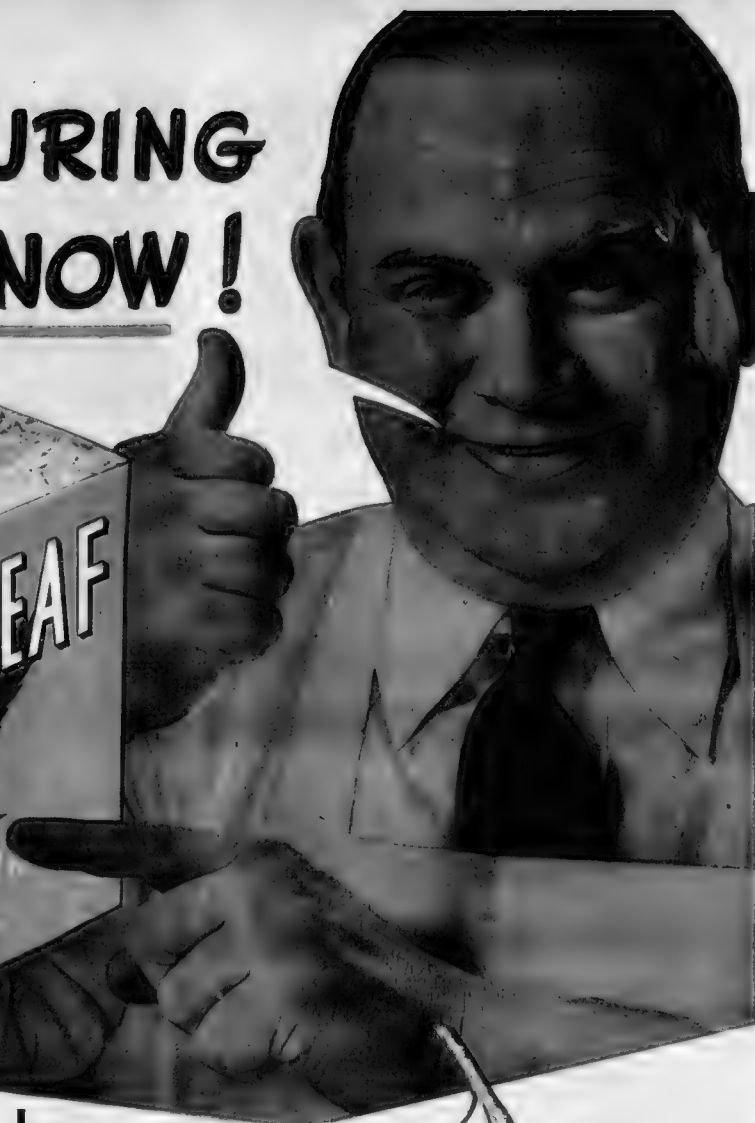
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Why Did a Lawless Pirate Have This Painting of the Gentle Saviour in His Cabin?

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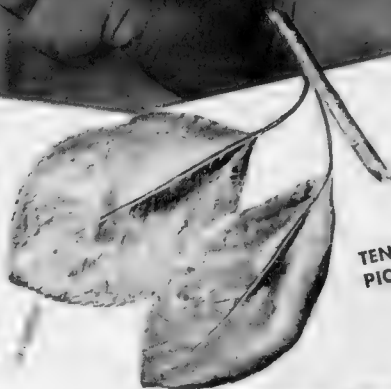
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MAGAZINES IN
"BEST STORIES"

says **EDWARD J. O'BRIEN** critic

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AUGUST ISSUE

10

NOW ON SALE

Princess in Madeline St. Buchanan

(Continued from Page 1A)

catch them, the Prince and her on the Road. Treasa and he they were asseamed, clever, heavy. They would stand by.

They walked for a mile across country after leaving their car. Treasa knew just where to go.

There was a moon like a soup plate of platinum. There was another brook. There were cows. Light in distant farmhouses. Kindly stars, bending low.

And at last a campfire in a hollow, the scent of tobacco, the smell of bacon, coffee, a long slight young figure getting hardly to its feet, a beloved voice.

"Well, you're late, Treasa!" And then—"Great Scott! Sally!"

Was there delight, pleasure, in the Prince's voice as he took Sally Nayton's cold hand? Could he sense the racing of her pulses while he held it? Of course she had come. There was an adventure, a suffering, a world which had long since forgotten such things. And to Sally Nayton it had become, of a sudden, a lotus land.

And she was conscious of a strange sensation, as though suddenly she had stepped into a new life where there was no pain, no bond, no code by which to live.

It was staggering and a bit alarming. It was reckless and more than a little bewildering.

What would she be like when, and if, she reached Hollywood? Already she was not the little southern girl who had run away from Humberland.

"Anyway," Treasa was explaining softly to the Prince, "I don't dare leave Sally in New York."

And her low voice went on to tell of the tabloid reporter and the girl Patry.

"It's a long hard trip," said the Prince slowly when she had finished, "but I'm glad you brought her, Treasa. With Watrous cracked up she probably would have gone broke in no time."

"She had established a precedent," giggled Treasa, "as my last boss told me I did when I

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Quink is made two ways—each for specific uses, both with distinct advantages. Parker Quink is for office and home use. It is a permanent ink for permanent records, letters, etc., and is as permanent as the paper. WASHABLE Quink, for home and school use, will wash out of any fabric without trace. It is a water and soap are applied promptly. Get other kind of Quink at any store selling ink. It will give your writing new distinction—new beauty. For Quink is a wistery ink, but rich, full-bodied and brilliant. Try Quink today, 15c or 25c.

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SUMMER DRIVING COSTS

STOP AT THIS SIGN

STOP AT THIS SIGN

STOP AT THIS SIGN

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the "Bettie" from Lucia. No girl who looks like Sally is ever broke in the city of New York.

Sally Nayton said nothing. She accepted a mild drink from a flask the Prince held out. "Because it is going to be darned cold tonight, Sally," and she smiled at him as she did not know how to shake hands with her, only grinned broadly in reply.

She had taken her step forward. She had nudged her destiny. She had decided.

Not the tabloid reporter, with his inquisitorial huff of murder and police and arrests and jails, had pulled Sally Nayton into her place on the tozzare, unbelievable thing!

The Prince had done that, and when the familiar hum came along the rails, the familiar haze of light in the distance, the familiar puffs with which the approaching freight attacked the steep upgrade, she heard Treasa say, "Come on, Sally, your side-door Pullman arrives," with a to-tal lack of apprehension.

The silver-haired, dark-eyed madonna was a lady boss. The virus of this kyoxy existence, which with love, was in her veins!

CHAPTER VII
Hold-up by Bandits!

THREE began then for Sally Nayton, or there continued perhaps, this splendid adversity, this most beautiful, mad experience of her life.

She traveled toward Hollywood with the Prince, with Treasa, and in company with other anyone in fact who chanced to be in the box car which like, she said, decided upon. She learned to cook and to like machine, she learned to make a fire and what to use for a windbreak; she lost her fear of the multiguns, she stopped looking for railroad detectives, and she learned to dance and to clog upon the wooden floor.

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times we get it on brass instead of marble."

Sally did not care what awaited her at the end of the trip. In some way, she knew, she must stay close to the Prince.

He said that diverged from his name was no path for her. There could not possibly ever be anyone like him, and as yet she did not know his name or why he was there.

He was all things—and as far as information regarding himself was concerned, he was nothing.

There was the night when they left the train with young Bill Pillings and his still younger wife, Betty, because she had been taken ill before she should have been, and they were hours from any town. The boy husband had been taking his kid wife to Denver to a hospital where his uncle was a physician.

"I can take care of her," said Treasa. "I saw a cabin around that curve ahead. Let's hop it. She can't stay here."

The Prince got lastly to his feet, and he said to Sally, "I'll be your own every road we traveled on, Prince. You couldn't surprise me."

"I may—yet," said the Prince. "I'll go with them as a matter of course. I like Sally. She would always like to be with me. He was like the house dog, faithful and silent."

It was a warm night and the cabin was deserted and not too cold. The silver-haired, dark-eyed madonna was a lady boss. The virus of this kyoxy existence, which with love, was in her veins!

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seem to ever end, not always having this lean, brown, mysterious young man at her side to snare it all.

Then Treasa retired, rather subdued voice at her shoulder. "Believe it or not, kid, that lad is a doctor! I know it."

There had remained there a day and a night until the mother and baby were able to be lifted into another box car, for Bill Pillings' one idea was to get his family to Denver. And the Prince went back to his mouth organ.

Sally Nayton felt that she no longer had any connection with the Sally Nayton back in Humberland. She had no time for such a girl.

On the Road she had seen death and birth and love, as well as minor things too trivial for these people to mention, things she had never come upon on a crowded downtown Saturday in Humberland.

There had been the moment the night they left the young Pillings in Denver, when Sally Nayton had felt something close to her hand, to pick it up and realize that it was a wallet stuffed with gold.

Sally had crept to the door, which was slightly ajar, and she had seen the man and girl traveling with them that night peering. The thing was a wallet, and she had seen it now and then in the Prince's hands, and it was filled with bills.

The Prince himself lay asleep on the floor, and the wallet might easily have rolled over to her with the movement of the road.

Money. So very much money! Sally Nayton sat there on her heels, and she said to herself, "Thinking a little about Patry Maguire."

The air through the crack in the door was chill and she held her coat about her. She thought she would go crazy if she could not see the man and girl.

She loved him. She was heated and innere produced, the Prince taking active and most efficient part in the case, to Sally Nayton's vast amazement.

She went outside and talked to the man and girl, and she tried to soothe Bill Pillings' nerves until his small son was born. All the while, when she thought of the exotic and talented Treasa and that fascinating enigma, the Prince, in there—in that crazy deserted cabin perched near the winding desolate tracks—she could have given way to hysteria.

What sort of a world was this one, anyhow? It had nothing to do with life as most people knew it. Nor would she ever know it again, not like this.

A fragment of an old poem or an old song, she did not know which, drifted through her mind as she sat by that camp fire with the man and the restless young husband. "For, sir, it is not always Spring."

Not always Spring. Not always being lifted into another box car by the Prince's strong brown hands, not always watching from the open door of the car another city in the distance, flowering in bloom against a night sky, not always waiting for a freight and looking along a gleaming steel track that did not

How much had been in it? Humberland. How could it be his own, this young vagabond on this glamorous Road?

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ing freight in that desolate country. The lawless preying upon the lawless. Here was something else. There was always something else on the Road.

They all had money but the precious money, to the two girls Easy pickings now and then were these travelers in the box cars throughout the land.

He submitted to a cursory search and was thrust aside with an oath. Treasa, lovely arm above her head, backed against the rough side of the box car flouted rebellion in every line of her alert young body.

The Prince, rousing too late, had no time to draw his gun. He knew too well the swift anonymous murder committed now and then in such situations.

But Sally Nayton, awake and restless because of the wallet the Prince carried, had drawn his gun when she rolled against him. In her untrained fingers it lay concealed against her side, while a flashlight in the hands of one of the men pointed at her.

"Suffering cats!" he whistled. "Get an awful Mugs! Give me a dollar for a doll, and I won't frisk you for your cash."

"Why, yes," said Sally Nayton slowly, and she looked at the man. "Sally!" snapped the Prince, but there was no time for words.

The gun, which she had seen would have terrified Sally to death, on the Road was a toy in her hands. As the young bandit, her hand on the trigger, she had walked through the Prince's pockets, she shot. Shot something at his legs and laid a rank amateur she aimed well.

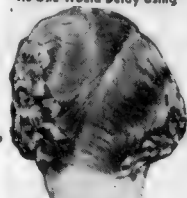
With a groan, the youth crumpled at her feet. There was the opportunity the others needed. The Prince dropped as though a bullet had found him and wound little else of the legs of the bandit who had taken his valuables. The shot struck the Prince's arm, and he fell.

"I'm more used to these babies than you are, kid," Treasa said. "You'd better let me take the bulk of it to my bright star."

Sally shrank back then into a crouch, and she saw the Prince, her desperate eyes watching the brief battle. She saw the lady lay her hand on the door and thrust out her hand into the night. She saw the Prince replace his wallet and a few papers and other things in his various pockets, heard Treasa laugh breathlessly, saw the two men leave, and the groaning bandit she had hit.

Then she ran forward. In her mind was a memory of the man in the hotel who had killed two men now in her reckless search for a career? She thought of the man who had killed two men now in her reckless search for a career? She thought of the

IF every GRAY HAIR
ACHED like a tooth
No One Would Delay Us



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FOR GRAY HAIR

Neglected, faded hair gives pain to friends. FARR'S can be used in perfect confidence. Leaves a soft, lustrous, NATURAL, youthful appearance. Easy as a man's care in hygiene privacy of home; odorless, greaseless, will not rub off, nor interfere with curling; \$1.35. Sold everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE
 Write for a 10-cent jar of FARR'S to 19 Broadway St., Boston, Mass.
 Send in plain wrapping.
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 City _____ State _____
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ONE TREATMENT

PULVEX WORM CAPSULES

FEET ITCH?

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In a Jiffy Get Rid of DANDRUFF

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Enjoy Your Hair Vigor

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Help Wanted—Male?

In Which the Cook Turns Out to Be the Right Maid After All.

By Marian B. Cockrell

(Continued from Page 14)

Rosalie could hear the angry tapping of high heels. "Goodbye," Serena's voice said. "I refuse to be competition for a cook. You're both so anxious to show her I won't let your imaginations any further. David Quentin, I'll never speak to you again!"

Adventures of the Noble Lord Edward Montagu

(Continued from Double Page)

bell," and the only sounds were of revelry by night in the movie Capital. True, I almost put my foot into it once. I saw a girl at a table and she looked so lovely, I danced with her. She had not been on the floor for some time. So I went over, asked the man who was sitting next to her, and then I asked her to dance, and then I begged the pleasure from the man. She looked at me, and in a hesitating sort of way at the man and another half rose from the table. But the girl's companion shook his head at the other man and then nodded to the girl.

She rose and we glided off. She was light and danced beautifully and I was sorry when I had to take her back to her table as the band stopped. I was sitting wondering if I could ask her for another dance when the man who had half risen on my approaching the group came across and slipped into a seat beside me. "Say, stranger, just a word of advice. Spike insists him over there, don't usually figure to be his jane dance with any other guys. But you're a limey (Englishman) and you don't know. But don't get too fresh in coming around again, or it mightn't be too healthy, see?"

I saw, I did not ask the lady for another dance. Talk of champagne flowing like water. It just seemed to me that night as if there were no other drink in the world and that the vintners of Rheims and Epemay must have been working overtime.

Another evening while in Hollywood, the Commissioner of Police in Los Angeles arranged for me to go out in a police radio car. It was interesting if not terribly exciting. Each section of the city has its patrol and they are in constant touch with the central police broadcasting station through their wireless receivers. From time to time, through the loud speaker, came "Calling Car 78, calling Car 78," repeated several times. Then "Holdup the corner of such and such a street."

At once the police car goes to the spot of the hold-up, or whatever the crime may be, and while it is occupied on that job the car in the neighboring section automatically takes over the patrol until the job is finished with. We picked up several people, mostly drunks. One gentleman who had evidently been indulging well and not at all wisely, kept shaking his head and saying:

"Let me go, let me go. I'll get hell from my wife when I get home."

"Say, be, don't you worry," said one of the police. "You'll get hell at the station for a change tonight."

We came across a colored woman who had been robbed in the street. She was taken along to an identification parade of suspects. A policeman asked me if I would help to make up the parade, as is, I believe, regularly done in England also. I stood in the line. I was wearing an old

Clam Chowder
 (Connecticut Style.)

CLEAN and pick over 1 quart clams. Drain, reserve liquor and bring to boiling point. Strain. Finely chop hard part of clams. Cut an inch and a half cube of salt pork into small pieces and brown delicately. Add 1 minced onion, cook 5 minutes and turn into large kettle. Parboil 4 diced potatoes in boiling water to cover. Drain. Put a layer of the potatoes in kettle add chopped clams, sprinkle with salt and pepper, using in all 1 tablespoon salt and a few grains pepper, and dredge with flour. Add remaining potatoes, a little of the salt and pepper, dredge with flour and add 2½ cups boiling water. Cook 10 minutes, add 1 quart scalded milk, sort part of the clams and 4 tablespoons butter. Cook 5 minutes and add 3 crackers split and soaked in enough milk to moisten. Reheat clam liquor to boiling point and thicken with 1 tablespoon butter and 1 tablespoon flour blended together over the fire but not browned. Add the thickened clam liquor to the chowder just before serving.

again!" The door slammed. "You can't tell her anything she was all ready to blow up, and when she saw that picture, she blew. Sometimes I'd like to poke her one."

Dave looked as though he'd like to poke Hank one. "You weren't much help," Rosalie said accusingly. "Acting as though you had just buried the body. You haven't any more tact than a crook."

Well, you called her Fobbe!," Dave defended himself. "She hates to be called Fobbe."

It's her name, isn't it? Letting Hank take all the blame when he's never been anything but perfectly horrible to me."

You're a little ray of sunshine," Hank said.

Well, why don't you marry your old Serena, and do your fighting in private?"

Hank said nothing.

Well, are you going to marry her?" Dave asked beligerently.

Somewhere I doubt it," Hank said.

He held up a ring he had been holding in his hand.

"Oh," said Rosalie faintly. She had spoiled everything. But Serena would be sure to forgive

him, damn it. Anyone—

Why don't you poke her one?" she asked Hank viciously. "You have to keep the upper hand with a woman like her."

Do you think that would get her back?" he asked.

If it doesn't you can get down and beg. Rosalie said scornfully.

Go on after her, Hank," Dave said in an anxious voice. "Don't let her go home alone."

No."

It was your fault! If you don't go after her, I will."

Maybe you'd even rather it would be that way?" Hank asked him.

Maybe I would. What do you think of that?"

I think if you hurry you can catch her," Hank said. Remember to keep the upper hand," he called as Dave slammed out of the apartment.

Hank looked at Rosalie thoughtfully, as she stood there, uncertain what to do next.

Then he turned on her suddenly. His eyes had a new light in them, and his voice a new note.

"Now," he said slowly. "Now."

He took a step toward her and she backed away in alarm. You caused all this. You acted about as much like a cook as Serena did. In fact except she has real hair. I don't see much difference between you."

Then one," she said indignantly. She put up with you, and I won't. I'm leaving."

Consider me your humble disposition. I won't see you. I can see you much more than I did Serena."

"What?" The large plumes fell off and Hank dashed them into the rug with his foot.

"Your disposition," he accepted. I think you'll find I've a pattern changing, around the apartment."

With an angry, snarl and I suppose," Hank said. "I mean why should you be so nervous about the proposition?"

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To Be Continued Next Sunday.

To the Victor belongs PABST

PABST EXPORT BEER

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- Sealed Right In
- Flat Top—It Stacks
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- Protected Flavor
- Saves Half the Space
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BLUE RIBBON MALT
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NADINOLA Freckle Cream
THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

A Summary of Summer Entertainers

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

TODAY our shops boast hundreds of lovely designs in articles which will do some summer housekeeping job efficiently, help combat summer heat, or add to hot weather's recreational joys. Some of these are foreign in origin, but most are American.

But whatever their origin, or inheritance, today's hostess makes them all her own and adapts them to the needs of her particular family. Indeed, that perhaps is the chief charm of our houses, that they can absorb and integrate the lovely designs and artistic beauties of other lands, and yet remain distinctively American, our own, and modern.

So let's set down a summary of Summer entertainers—those contrivances which will add charm, comfort, beauty and efficiency to the home.

There are interesting models of the chaise longue or reclining chair—familiar in the popular deck-chair. But these new ones are fitted with corrugated or accordion-pleated cushions so curved as to fit every back.

The cushions are covered with waterproof material, and small wheels enable the chaise to be pushed easily over grass.

An intriguing furniture set is made of golden rattan, and has a clever oval or round table, in the center of which is a walking stick "canoe" by means of which the table and its sand-wheels and beverage may be picked up, entire, and carried where one pleases.

There is a lounge cart, which looks like a wheelbarrow for humans, with a splendid awning. One has to sit in it to appreciate its wonderful work. It's ever-hanging awning and its ability to trundle around as easily as any wheelbarrow.

Something more new is the windshield for the beach habitue—a transparent shield which can

be set up by poking its stakes firmly into the sand, and behind which one may read or sun-bathe comfortably sheltered from wind stinging sand and dust. It rolls up like a window shade.

Still more protective is the dugout or canopy which looks like a giant umbrella without its handle, or the upper canvas portion of the famous "covered wagon" which trekked to the West with the Forty-Niners. This hooded retreat shelters two chairs, and can be tilted at its angle—and folds up to a small bundle weighing 10 pounds.

New beach cushions, covered in waterproof "leaking" have a capacious pocket with a zipper, in which to tuck a bathing suit. A handkerchief, hat, flut and cool, and which will not muddle from grass juices a simple and very lightweight pad to take along for sitting anywhere.

Another type of padded mat as long as one's extended length, and a little wider, also has a damp-proof bottom and stretches out flat on the sand or grass. It may be tied in a roll with its tapes, for carrying, and does much to make life on the beach a greater pleasure.

A matching square of material on which to play cards—a material which will not spot or stain even with salt water—is an accompanying item to this outfit.

Of course the garden hostess has her charming coverall or apron with its gay pattern, strouly bound in tape, and a matching hat of straw—a hat which is all brim and guaranteed to keep her from the eyes when bending down to work. A back-swinging flower basket is a rolled hat model, mounted on a center stake, which enables the basket to be at waist-height for convenient picking.

An extremely practical basket is a neat jar-shaped hamper, mounted on wheels and also hav-

ing a good stout cane handle by means of which it can be pushed anywhere the gardener wishes. There is broad leaves and other lighter litter or flowers with long stems it is a great help to the busy outdoor recreationist.

New lawn sprinklers show animal and flower motifs cleverly designed. One is a large and life-size duck who bears a revolving nozzle on his head. The flower sprayer is a painted angel on a set of three, each flower head being able to be bent so as to spray in any direction.

Another new for the fan? Most likely of all is the new electric portable fan. Believe it or not: a small flashlight battery is the source of power. A break breeze around you when you are jammed in a hot home booth or crowded out of position. When it is ten blades are folded, this tiny pocket fan still fits your purse or pocket.

Another device is a cooling unit utilizing water. Behind this compact box, which looks like a small radio cabinet, you set your own electric fan and start a cool damp breeze in motion! Once a day the humidifier is filled with water. Dampness in the box washes the air, as it were. Another model has blades like those of a propeller.

Beverage pitchers and containers are smartly streamlined this season. One looks much like a giant maple syrup jug. Inside it has a tin of glass that holds the ice cubes, so that the drink is kept cool but not allowed to become diluted.

Another is a bucket designed to hold a number of ice cubes as chill and frosty 12 hours from now as when they were first put in. Convenient to have at parties and to take along to the picnic. The larger and more commodious salad jar, of the vacuum type, is a grand idea to have for the next Summer outing. Owing to its insulated lining, it keeps cold for 12 hours—and then some. Have the jar well chilled (overnight in the refrigerator is a good idea) and placing salads or other foods in it, and you may be sure that no matter how hot the place where you decide to dine, the salad will be chilly.

The hostess wishing to perfect

the cool note in her picnic bill-of-fare will be interested in the novel gadget, now on the market which makes ice cream in the refrigerator. Good for ice-cream of the grand old-fashioned kind.

The picnic group wishing to have a quick outdoors or camp fire going before arrival will want to take along a package of kindlers. These are made of compressed shavings and some combustible material, very rapidly going into a glow and forming a bed of embers which will make any steak or frankfort sizzle at the very edges.

An outdoor grill which looks for all the world like a man's sweater on legs operates on these kindlers, and thus you have the ideal combination—a bed of red coals, a broiler, a steak and an appetite that need not wait long. This grill holds two large steaks or ten small individual ones. It packs into a metal case, so that it may ride along in the back seat or trunk.

If a rainy day should spoil all your plans for an outdoor spread or picnic, then the hot metal serving tray would be very welcome to the hostess. This is a really beautiful and artistic tray. It has a low-current heating element built into it, hence it keeps all foods hot, even scrambled eggs or chops, or toasted sandwiches, overcooking or what you will, but it never burns! Grand for Sunday breakfasts or those lazy Summer guests.

A beer dispenser, with a pressure pump on top, which keeps the beer "on draught," right at home, will be liked by many men. This siphon prevents the beverage from going flat, and saves running back and forth emptying many bottles when there's a crowd. With a set of stone beer jugs, in gay colored and striped pottery, what a good idea for the Summer refreshment table!

Another jolly idea, this time borrowed from the tray of the cigarette girl in hotels, is a three-tiered wooden tray, with a neck strap of canvas by means of which the whole tray may be carried comfortably. The tray is made in three steps, one for glasses, one for sandwiches, and one to hold five glass relish

dishes, each with its different appetizer. In this list of Summer entertainers or helpers mention should be made of the small wash-basin designed for little tots and constructed to hook over the side of any bathtub. At this lower level they can splash into the tub and not spill a drop on the floor. Then, there are the bouquet candles which will not drip, even at a 45 degree angle, and which will so enhance the flowers that

every woman loves on her evening table in Summer. These wand-like candles, in pastel shades, make a combination lighting and centerpiece which is very charming. Other interesting and practical household and culinary novelties are the portable electric oven for better biscuits, the broil, roast and baking grill which will work anywhere there is an outlet, the bean and pea sheller mentioned before several times.

For Sore Aching Feet

Cooling and Soothing as a Mountain Stream

To get blessed relief from the discomfort of sore aching feet do this: Soak the feet five minutes in warm water. Dry and rub them vigorously with Mentholatum. Remove any surplus with a rough towel and dust with talcum powder. You will be delighted with the comfort and relaxation.



MENTHOLATUM
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HAIR REMOVER
A new cream—Merveilleux! No stings, no offensive odor. Simple spread on face, arms or legs and instantly get rid of every trace of hair. Good stores or write: Madame Berthe, 345 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK CITY

Box Car

(Continued From Page 18)

he read the burner in her eyes. "No, no, you hit my right leg," he shouted her quickly. "See here! But he got another in his lungs, I guess. He hasn't long."

The act down and lighted a pipe. He rubbed a dirty hand over a bruise on his forehead. "He was just a babe. If life was so casual, what could death be to him?"

"Don't go sentimental on us, Sally," said Treasa roughly. "This bird had it coming to him. He'd have taken all we had where would we have been?"

"I know," said Sally and knelt beside the youth, looking into his face in the light of the Prince's flashlight. It had been these young breakers of the law—or themselves. Merely a survival of the fittest.

"What's eatin' you?" the young bandit asked her roughly. "I had it coming. We all get it sooner or later. You didn't do it, baby doll. Say, let me get a good look at you, will you?"

The Prince, frowning, brought the flashlight closer and the eyes of the dying bandit rested upon the exquisite face of Sally Naylor, the pale rodeo of her rumpled hair seeming to burn in a fairy twilight.

The freight rocked around a bend and flung her against him, and he took her hand for a brief moment.

Something cool and hard like a hand of smooth pommel was thrust into Sally's palm.

"Keep hold of that, sister," whispered the bandit, feasting his eyes on her face. "And keep it. I'm going out, see? Mugs did it. He was always a fool with a gun. If he hadn't been, we'd have been off with all you got. Mugs always lost his head. Now—how about that kiss?"

Sally shivered. She looked long and closely at the sharp young face, the glazing, pleading eyes, the boyish chin. "What difference did it make?" It was all so unbearable, so wild, so fantastic.

Madeline Sharp Buchanan

platinum set with a blue-white flashing diamond.

"That's what you get for being so lovely," growled Treasa. "That crook planted his loot on you!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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"Give Camay a fair chance to

Make You Prettier"

SAYS THIS CHARMING COLORADO BRIDE



There's a sweet and reasonable question, if there ever was one—"If you're unhappy about the way you look, why not try Camay?" And coming from a bride with a smooth, lovely complexion (really sensational!) you'll admit that there's a lot of common sense in it.

Well, just to be inquisitive—why don't you try Camay? What is keeping you from the pleasure of seeing your skin grow younger and smoother under Camay's gentle touch. Begin today to let those busy little bubbles cleanse your skin—more deeply and more thoroughly.

Camay's fragrant, creamy lather can bring a new softness, smoothness to your skin that will delight you.

And this little improvement in your skin is not merely conversation—there are facts back of it—good, strong reasons why... Here's a very important one—Camay has been tested against the lead, mercury, and borax soaps in laboratory tests, but tested on women's skin. Time



after time in these tests, the result was always the same—Camay was the mildest of them all—definitely, provably milder. Prove it for yourself! A half-dozen cakes will convince you. And the price of Camay is so low that you needn't even ask what it is. So ask your dealer for a supply today. And give Camay a fair chance to improve your skin, to make you prettier and more attractive.

Camay

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CROSLY
ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS**

Baby Talk!
"DEMAND AN OLIVE OIL POWDER!"

Z.B.T. Baby Powder chugs better—gives more of nothing, cooling comfort to your baby's skin. This longer, smoother protection is one of the many advantages of Z.B.T.'s olive oil content. Five from time to any form, Z.B.T. is approved by Good Housekeeping and your own. Large 25¢ and 50¢ sizes.



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It Sothes AND Relieves

SKIN IRRITATIONS
Try Outlets—for all skin troubles due to external causes. Give them the Z.B.T. trial skin if you enjoy "Outlets." Dept. A, Malden, Mass.

HEAT-WILTED?
here's a quick pick-up—Canned Florida GRAPEFRUIT JUICE
and how you'll enjoy Canned Florida Grapefruit
in fruit cups, salads, desserts

GRAPEFRUIT'S a "natural" these sweeter summer days. Its tangy, tart-sweet flavor just hits the spot. Drink Florida grapefruit juice freely—at meals—between meals. It's a real thirst-quencher, a real health-builder. Add it to fruit punches for new sparkle. Use the convenient grapefruit sections in cooling fruit cups, salads, desserts. They'll go over big with the family on hot nights. Packed while still "tree fresh," canned Florida grapefruit brings you all the matchless flavor, all the priceless health benefits of choice fresh Florida grapefruit. Keep several cases of juice and sections handy in the icebox. They'll make menu-planning easier and meals a real joy.

Your health requires GRAPEFRUIT TWICE A DAY all year round
In summer there's more need than ever to keep the system safely alkaline. Eat grapefruit. It will cheer!

For quality Florida Canned Grapefruit insist on **Florida** Canned Grapefruit Juices and Sections

"Hurry-Up" Dishes for Hot Weather

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Spaghetti Casserole.
HAVE ready 3 cups cooked spaghetti or macaroni, 3 cups cooked peas mixed with 1 minced onion and 1 minced green pepper, 3 sliced fresh tomatoes, 1 cup fine bread crumbs and 1 cup grated American cheese. Place half of the spaghetti in a baking dish. Cover with half of the peas. Follow this with half of the tomatoes and bread crumbs. Sprinkle to taste with salt and pepper. Repeat with remaining ingredients except cheese. Cover the baking dish closely and bake in a moderate oven at about 350 degrees for about one hour. Uncover, sprinkle with the grated cheese and return to the oven for about 10 minutes.

Baked Noodles Yukon.
MELT 4 tablespoons butter, add 3 tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper and blend well. Add 1 cup milk and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 2 cups cooked salmon and 1 cup thin cream. Have ready 3 cups well-seasoned boiled noodles. Arrange alternate layers of the salmon and noodles, sprinkling each layer with buttered bread crumbs. Use about one cup bread crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven, about 350 degrees, about 25 minutes or until bread crumbs are nicely browned.

Eggplant Casserole.
PEEL and slice one medium eggplant. Soak in cold salted water an hour or longer. Drain well. Fry in 3 tablespoons butter drippings until brown on both sides. Place in a greased casserole dish with alternate layers of 1 sliced onion, 3 minced green peppers and 3 of sliced ripe tomatoes. Sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, at about 350 degrees, for one hour or until eggplant is tender. Uncover, sprinkle with one cup grated cheese and return to oven to melt cheese.

Jellied Waldorf Salad.
HAVE ready one pint of tart lemon gelatin that is just beginning to congeal. Add 1 cup chopped ripe apples, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup chopped walnuts, a few grains paprika, a few grains salt and a few grains white pepper. Pour into individual molds. Chill. When firm, turn from molds and place on crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with plain or whipped cream mayonnaise.

Cheese Ring Salad.
MIX 1 cup Roquefort cheese and 3 packages cream cheese, a few grains salt, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 teaspoon paprika, 1/2 cup milk and 1/2 teaspoon onion juice. Soak one tablespoon gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Dissolve over a bowl of hot water. Add to the smooth and creamy cheese mixture. Fold in 1 cup of whipped cream. Turn into a ring mold and chill. When firm, unmold on crisp lettuce leaves. Fill center with Summer fruit salad, seasoned with mayonnaise or French dressing.

Shrimp Summer Style (By Request).
MELT 4 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons flour and blend well. Add 1 1/2 cups milk and 1/2 cup cream and stir constantly until creamy and smooth. Add 1 or 2 beaten eggs yolks mixed with a little of the hot sauce and continue cooking a moment or so until egg is set. Add 1/2 cup well-seasoned mayonnaise, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a few grains, each, salt and pepper. Reheat, add 1/2 cup of small baking powder biscuits.

Lemon Coconut Filling.
MIX 4 tablespoons cornstarch and 1 cup sugar. Add 1 cup boiling water slowly, stirring constantly. Then add the juice and grated rind of 3 lemons and stir constantly until thick. Add one grated coconut or can of moist coconut. Cool and spread.

Appetizing Menus for the Week
By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Tomato Juice, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Shrimp, Peach, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Shrimp, Peach, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Shrimp, Peach, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Shrimp, Peach, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Shrimp, Peach, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Shrimp, Peach, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.
Lunch Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Lunch Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Lunch Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Lunch Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Lunch Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Lunch Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Lunch Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.
Dinner Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Dinner Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Dinner Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Dinner Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Dinner Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Dinner Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.	Dinner Jellied Waldorf Salad, Potato Salad, Chicken, Corned Beef, Coddled Eggs, Grated Muffins, Coffee.

Pound Cake (By Request).
WASH and cream 1 pound butter. When smooth and soft beat in 3 pounds sifted flour, 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup milk. Add 1/2 cup sifted flour, 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup milk. Add 1/2 cup sifted flour, 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup milk. Add 1/2 cup sifted flour, 1/2 cup sugar and 1/2 cup milk.

Stale's Friday Sandwich.
SPREAD well seasoned crab-cake salad between two slices of toast. Spread mayonnaise on top of the second slice. Cover with a slice of Swiss cheese and a third piece of toast spread on under side with mayonnaise.

Fresh Clabber Chocolate Cake.
CREAM one cup butter and add 1 cup sifted granulated sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add 5 well beaten egg yolks and mix well. Add alternately 1 cup fresh clabber or buttermilk and 3 cups sifted flour.

Jellied Asparagus Salad.
SOAK 1/2 tablespoon gelatin in 1/4 cup cold water. Add one cup hot asparagus juice and one cup hot water. Add 1/2 cup sliced asparagus, 1/2 cup sliced onion, 1/2 cup sliced celery, 1/2 cup sliced tomato, 1/2 cup sliced carrot, 1/2 cup sliced radish, 1/2 cup sliced cucumber, 1/2 cup sliced pickle, 1/2 cup sliced caper, 1/2 cup sliced olive, 1/2 cup sliced walnut, 1/2 cup sliced almond, 1/2 cup sliced cashew, 1/2 cup sliced pecan, 1/2 cup sliced hazelnut, 1/2 cup sliced pistachio, 1/2 cup sliced macadamia, 1/2 cup sliced brazil, 1/2 cup sliced walnut, 1/2 cup sliced almond, 1/2 cup sliced cashew, 1/2 cup sliced pecan, 1/2 cup sliced hazelnut, 1/2 cup sliced pistachio, 1/2 cup sliced macadamia, 1/2 cup sliced brazil.

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3488—VARY THE BOW TRIM. (MIT THE NOVEL CUFF—AND HAVE AN EXTRA EQUALLY SMART VERSION OF THIS CARMEL AFTERNOON FROCK! DELIGHTFUL IN SHANTUNG OR CREPE. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

Her face says twenty but her hands say forty

La Croix
CARET MAIL POUGH
looks better and shows on longer

SEALTEX
The Bands that Heal

KEEP COOL WITH KOOL-AID
Makes 10 BIG GLASSES 5¢
AT GROCERS

THIS, as other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is read by one out of every five families in the United States.

Flattering with your Tan
NEW GLARE-PROOF WOODER SHADES

Pond's new SUNLIGHT shades give a soft glow under hardest light
GOOD-BYE to the old, "dirty-looking" sun-tan powders! Pond's has brought out entirely new shades to flatter your tan... give it an enchanting softness—even in glaring light! Pond's new "Sunlight" shades counteract the harshest rays of the sun which make your skin look hard and coarse—Catch only the softest rays which soften your face. Entirely new! Becoming with every stage of tan.

POND'S
SUNLIGHT SHADING POWDER
The full glare of the summer sun flows a hard light on your skin.

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



“The Universal Car”

ONE NAME comes quickly to mind when you think of “The Universal Car.” The description is distinctively Ford. No other car is used by so many millions of men and women in every part of the world. Everywhere it is the symbol of faithful service.

That has always been a Ford fundamental. Something new is constantly being added in the way of extra value. Each year the Ford has widened its appeal by increasing its usefulness to motorists.

Today's Ford V-8 is more than ever “The Universal Car” because it encircles the needs of more people than any other Ford ever built. It reaches out and up into new fields because it has everything you need in a modern automobile.

The Ford V-8 combines fine-car performance, comfort, safety, beauty and convenience with low first cost and low cost of operation and up-keep. It depreciates slowly because it is made to last. There is no other car like it.

Only the Ford V-8 gives you all of these fine-car features

- 1 **V-8 ENGINE.** Ford is the only car under \$1645 with a V-8 engine.
- 2 **SAFETY GLASS ALL AROUND AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.** Windshield and all windows of all models.
- 3 **STEEL BODY.** A steel structure, as well as a steel surface, for strength and safety.
- 4 **CENTER-POISE RIDING COMFORT.** All passengers are cradled between the springs, away from the bumps.
- 5 **SUPER-SAFETY MECHANICAL BRAKES.** Dependable under all driving conditions. 186 square inches of braking surface.

25 A MONTH AFTER USUAL DOWN-PAYMENT BUYS ANY MODEL 1934 FORD V-8 CAR FROM ANY FORD DEALER - ANYWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES AND YOUR FORD DEALER ABOUT THE NEW 1% PER MONTH UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY FINANCE PLANS

THE FORD V-8

THE COMIC WEEKLY

SECTION
OF THE

BOSTON ADVERTISER

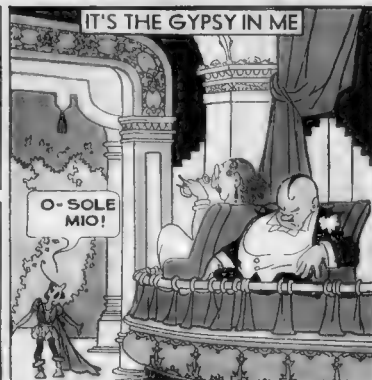
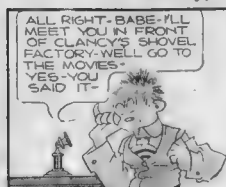
Sunday, July 19, 1936



Rosie's BEAU

BY
GEO. McMANUS

Registered U. S. Patent Office



Bringing Up Father

Registered U. S. Patent Office



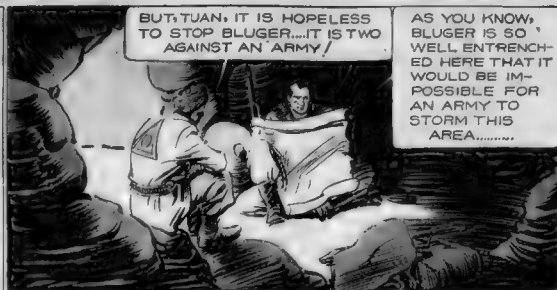
© 1936, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World's Famous

7-19

JUNGLE JIM

BY ALEX RAYMOND

DRESSED AS MONGOLIANS, JIM AND KOLU AWAIT NIGHT-FALL BEFORE RESUMING THEIR HAZARDOUS JOURNEY TO BLUGER'S CAMP.....



BUT, TIAN, IT IS HOPELESS TO STOP BLUGER...IT IS TWO AGAINST AN ARMY!

AS YOU KNOW, BLUGER IS SO WELL ENTRENCHED HERE THAT IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR AN ARMY TO STORM THIS AREA.....



...BUT WE CAN, IF WE'RE LUCKY, PENETRATE TO BLUGER'S CAMP UNOBSERVED...THEN IT'S UP TO US TO SPIRIT HIM AWAY AND NIP THIS BUDDING REVOLUTION!

IT LOOKS HOPELESS!

WE'LL HAVE TO HIDE IN THE HILLS, OBSERVE HIS HABITS AND AWAIT OUR CHANCE...HE IS AN AMERICAN...IF HE HEADS A CHINESE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, IT IS LIABLE TO CAUSE BAD FEELING BETWEEN AMERICA AND CHINA.....



THAT NIGHT, BLUGER CONFERRED WITH HIS HIGH OFFICERS

AS I HAVE MENTIONED BEFORE, JUNGLE JIM IS OUT TO SPY ON US...HE MUST BE CAPTURED...I INTEND TO USE LYNNE CHALMERS FOR THE PURPOSE.....



LISTEN.....

THE GATES TO BLUGER'S CAMP SWING OPEN AND A HORSE GALLOPS FORTH...LYNNE CHALMERS LASHED TO ITS BACK!



NEXT WEEK
THE TRAP IS SPRUNG

Flash Gordon



LOOK OUT! SAVE DALE, FLASH... NEVER MIND ME!

BEFORE FLASH, DALE AND ZARKOV CAN MAKE THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON, ONE OF THE STUNNED GUARDS SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE.....

QUIET, DALE... THE GUARDS ARE SEARCHING THE HALL

THIS DOOR IS LOCKED... THEY COULDN'T GET IN... THEY MUST BE DOWN THE HALL.....



I WONDER WHERE THAT DOOR LEADS

LET'S INVESTIGATE... WE'VE GOT TO FIND A HIDING-PLACE.....



ANY PORT IN A STORM...WHY, IT LOOKS LIKE THEIR ARSENAL!



FLASH, ISN'T THERE SOMETHING HERE THAT WE CAN USE TO RESCUE ZARKOV?

THERE SHOULD BE, SWEET-HEART...LET'S SEE WHAT WE CAN FIND.....



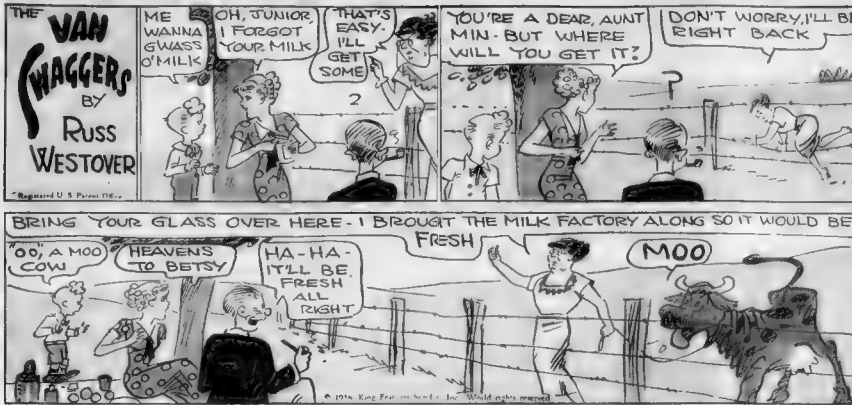
MEANWHILE, IN THE PRISON CELL, PLUTON RECOVERS.....

KEEP SEARCHING, FOOL! HE MAY TRY TO RESCUE HIS FRIEND, ZARKOV, HERE.....

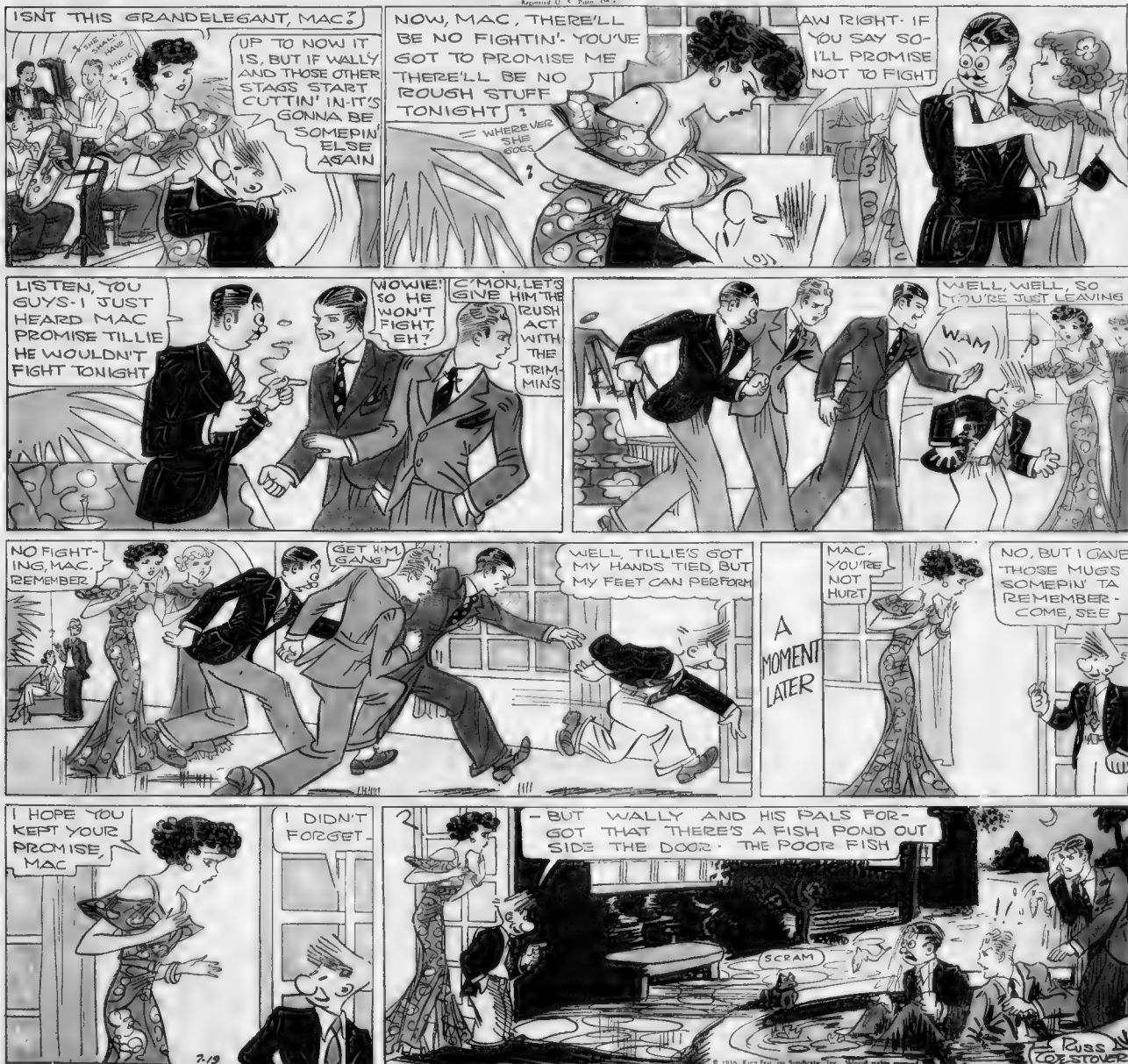
NO TRACE OF THEM YET, LORD PLUTON

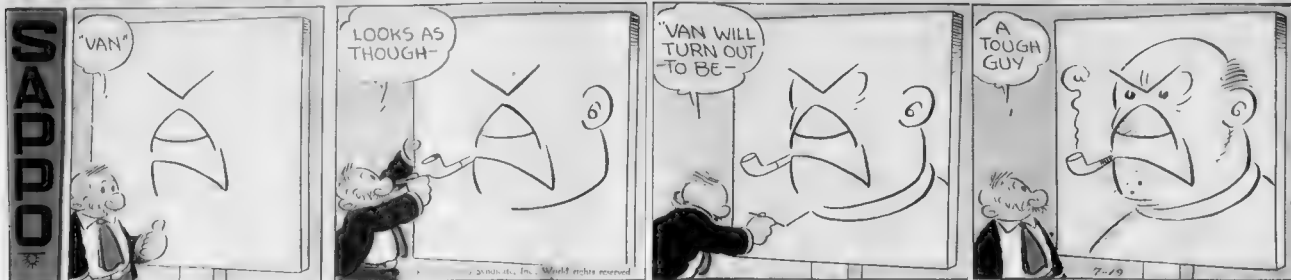
NEXT WEEK:
HUMAN BAIT

Tune In on Your Radio for More Thrilling Adventures of FLASH GORDON and JUNGLE JIM



Tillie the Toiler

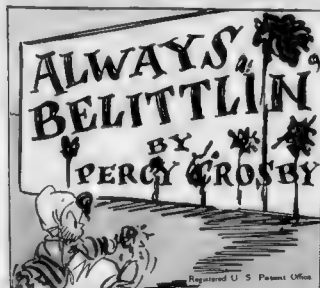




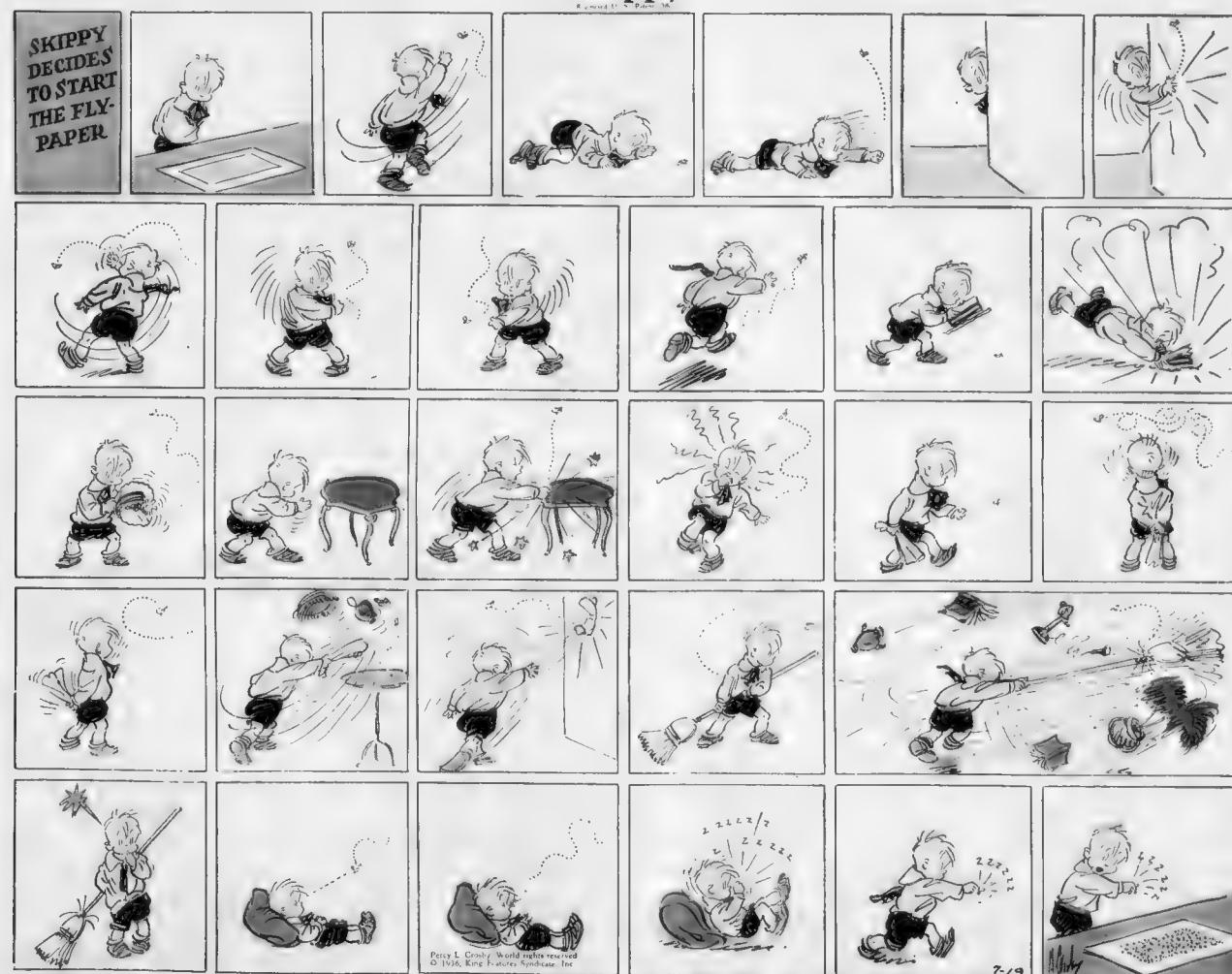
Thimble Theatre



You can enjoy POPEYE every week day in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN



Skippy

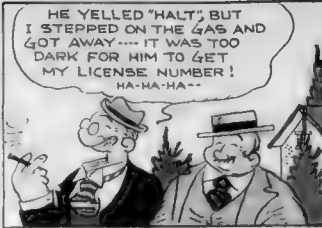
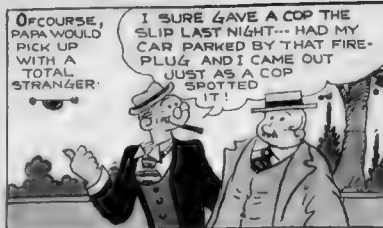


SKIPPY is in the BOSTON EVENING AMERICAN every week day

IT'S PAPA WHO PAYS!

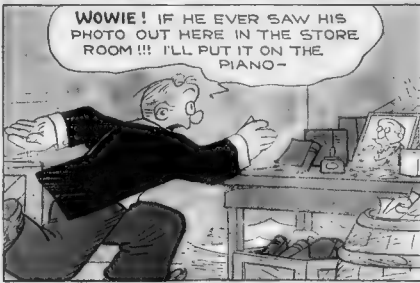
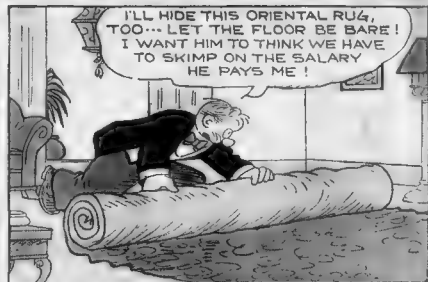
BY JIMMY MURPHY

Registered U. S. Patent Office



Toots and Casper

Registered U. S. Patent Office





CHEE, LADY--YOUSE GOT ME PEGGED ALL WRONG--I DON'T MIND SNITCHIN' A POCKETBOOK NOW AN' DEN-- BUT JOININ' UP WIT' TH' "BLACK WIDOW SPIDER" GANG-- NUTTIN' DOIN'---SAAAY---
WHO ARE YOUSE, LADY ??
I SEE NOW DAT'S A FAKE FACE YOUSE IS WEARIN'--

DON'T BE A FOOL, FAGIN--YOU'LL GET YOUR SPLIT OF TH' SHOOOLEY RANDOM MONEY AN' YOU'LL BE RICH-- FOLLO' ME-- AN' DON'T TRY TO GET AWAY-- I'VE GOT YOU COVERED---

OH, DEAR... IF THE POLICE WOULD ONLY HURRY...

THIS WAY INSPECTOR, HURRY--

STEADY, MEN...

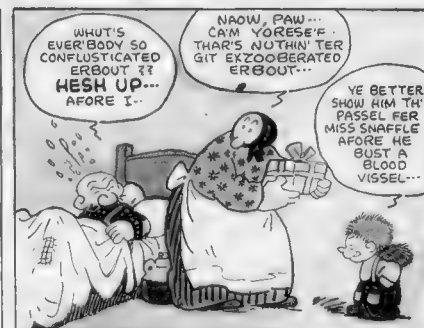
SHH--THEY WENT DOWN HERE !!! YOU BOYS HAVE WINES AND CHILDREN AT HOME-- I HAVE NO ONE--
LET ME GO FIRST !!!

BUNKY'S RIGHT, JOE-- WE'LL GRAB 'EM WHEN THEY COME OUT---

YOU WISH TO KNOW WHO I AM, FAGIN ?? I AM THE **BLACK WIDOW SPIDER---** FEMALE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE---

HEAVENS!! I MUST GO ON A DIET AT ONCE--
TIME'S A-WASTIN' !!!

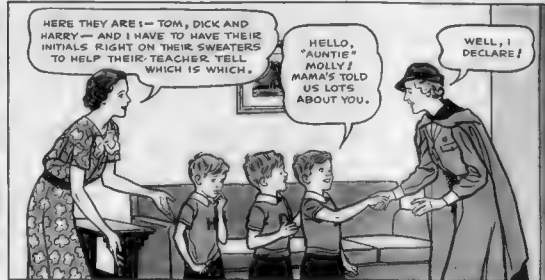
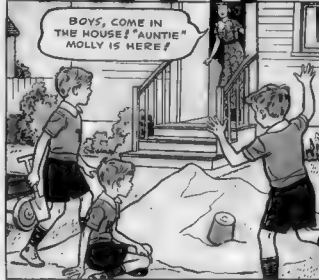
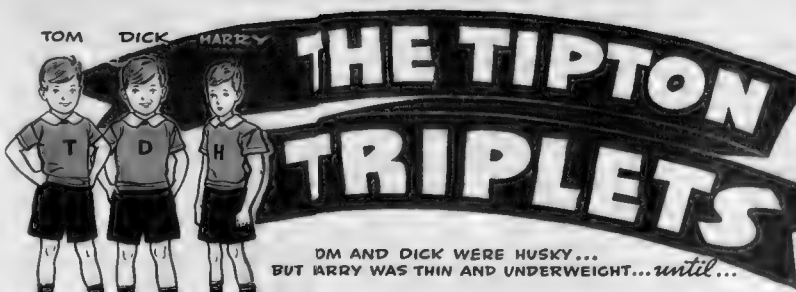
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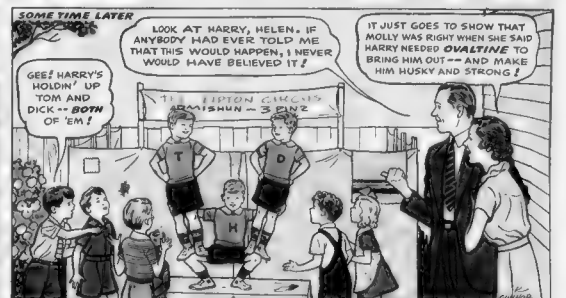


Tim Tyler's Luck





NOTE: ORPHAN ANNIE SHAKE-UP MUGS ARE NEVER SOLD IN STORES. TO GET ONE, MAIL IN THE COUPON BELOW.



BIG SPECIAL OFFER TO BOYS AND GIRLS

GET A WONDERFUL 50¢ LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE SHAKE-UP MUG FOR ONLY 10¢ AND SEAL FROM CAN OF OVALTINE



MOTHERS! Ovaltine is a delicious pure food beverage, created in Switzerland (now made in the U.S.A.) and approved by 20,000 doctors. It contains more than 15 food elements valuable in the diet of the growing child and is particularly valued because of the noticeable increases in weight, appetite and nerve pulse which so frequently occur when Ovaltine is added to the regular daily fare. . . . Thousands of nervous people, men and women, use Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended

as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged. And for sleeplessness when taken as a hot drink at bedtime.

Note the special offer of a genuine Little Orphan Annie Shake-Up Mug for shaking up Ovaltine as a summer drink. A special kind of combination shaker and mug that delights children. Made of Beetleware and beautifully-decorated with Orphan Annie picture. Our regular price is 50¢--but mug is now sent for only 10¢ and all of the thin aluminum seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine. Clip the coupon for your child now!



SPECIAL SHAKE-UP MUG COUPON

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. C-618
180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send me one of the brand-new Little Orphan Annie Shake-Up Mugs illustrated on the paste. I am enclosing 10¢ and all of the thin aluminum seal from under the lid of a can of Ovaltine. (Wrap dime in the thin aluminum seal)
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(Please print name and address plainly IN PENCIL. One shaker to a person.)
OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink--Now made in the U. S. A.
34-12

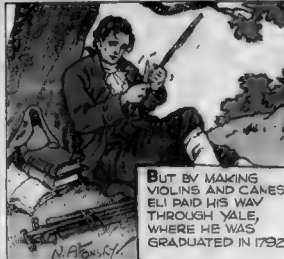
HEROES of AMERICAN HISTORY

Registered U. S. Patent Office



WHITNEY WAS BORN IN WESTBORO, MASS. HIS FATHER WAS A TURNING LATHE, MAKING TABLE-LEGS, BEDSTEADS AND THE ROUNDS OF CHAIRS. AS A SMALL BOY ELI SPENT HIS SPARE TIME IN THE SHOP MAKING VIOLINS —

I AM AFRAID ELI WILL NEVER BE GOOD FOR ANYTHING EXCEPT TO MAKE FIDDLES!



BUT BY MAKING VIOLINS AND CANES ELI PAID HIS WAY THROUGH YALE, WHERE HE WAS GRADUATED IN 1792.

LATER WHITNEY WENT TO GEORGIA, WHERE HE STAYED AT THE HOME OF MRS. GREENE, WIDOW OF THE FAMOUS GENERAL. HIS INVENTIVE GENIUS BEGAN HERE AT HER TABLE COTTON-PLANTERS COMPLAINED OF THE COST OF PREPARING COTTON.

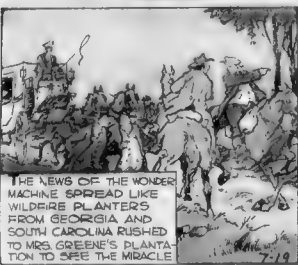
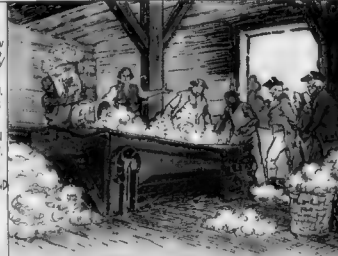
IF WE COULD ONLY SEPARATE THE SEED FROM THE COTTON, WE COULD MAKE OUR FORTUNES, BUT IT TAKES A NEGRO A DAY TO CLEAN A POUND!

HERE IS MR. WHITNEY, WHO WILL INVENT FOR YOU WHAT YOU WANT!

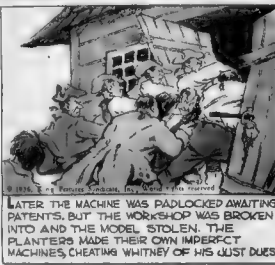


MRS. GREENE'S CASUAL REMARK WAS DESTINED TO CAUSE A REVOLUTION IN COTTON-GROWING. WHITNEY WAS SHOWN A BOLL OF COTTON, AND WITH RUDE TOOLS HE SET TO WORK

IN A SHORT TIME HE BUILT A "COTTON-GIN," WHICH IN A DAY DID THE WORK OF 1000 WOMEN. MRS. GREENE'S NEIGHBORS WERE CALLED IN TO SEE IT WORK. THEY WERE ASTONISHED AND DELIGHTED.



THE NEWS OF THE WONDER MACHINE SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE. PLANTERS FROM GEORGIA AND SOUTH CAROLINA RUSHED TO MRS. GREENE'S PLANTATION TO SEE THE MIRACLE.



LATER THE MACHINE WAS PADLOCKED AWAITING PATENTS, BUT THE WORKSHOP WAS BROKEN INTO AND THE MODEL STOLEN. THE PLANTERS MADE THEIR OWN IMPERFECT MACHINES, CHEATING WHITNEY OF HIS JUST DUES.

WHITNEY WENT TO THOMAS JEFFERSON, THEN SECRETARY OF STATE, AND GAVE HIM THE SPECIFICATIONS NEEDED FOR THE PATENT. THE VIOLATORS WERE PROSECUTED AND FINALLY SOUTH CAROLINA PAID WHITNEY \$50,000. NORTH CAROLINA GAVE HIM A PERCENTAGE FOR FIVE YEARS.



WHITNEY'S INVENTION BROUGHT POWER AND WEALTH TO THIS COUNTRY. AT LIVERPOOL, IN 1784, EIGHT BAGS OF COTTON WERE SHIPPED FROM THE UNITED STATES. IT WAS NOT BELIEVED SO MUCH COTTON COULD BE PRODUCED THERE. IN 1791, THE COTTON CROP WAS 2,000,000 POUNDS. IN 1801 WITH THE COTTON-GIN, IT JUMPED TO 48,000,000 POUNDS. SINCE THEN THE UNITED STATES COTTON INDUSTRY HAS LED THE WORLD.

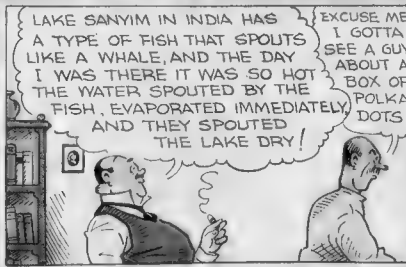
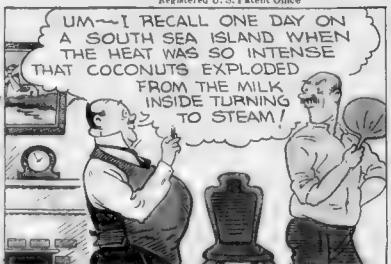
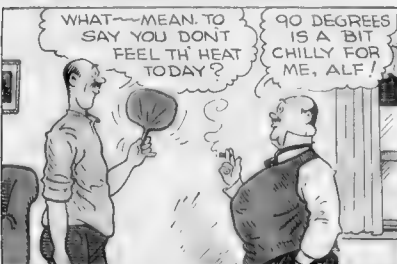
"KING COTTON" BECAME A POPULAR PERSONIFICATION OF THE COTTON PLANT. A POET WROTE THE FOLLOWING LINES:

OLD COTTON WILL PLEASANTLY REIGN WHEN OTHER KINGS PAINFULLY FALL, AND EVER AND EVER REMAIN THE MIGHTIEST MONARCH OF ALL.

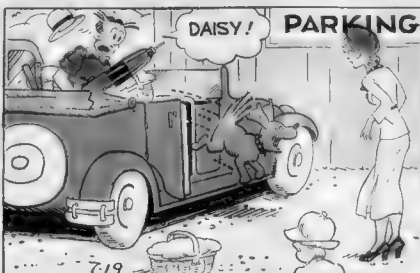
Room and Board

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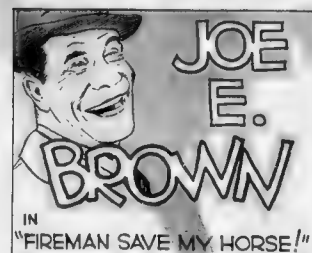
By Gene Ahern



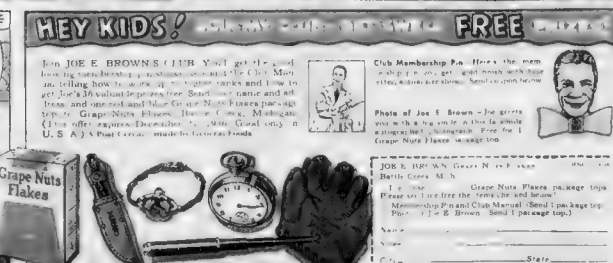
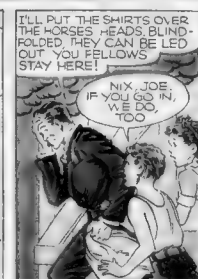
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AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES



SEE JOE E. BROWN'S LATEST MOTION PICTURE . . . "SONS O' GUNS" A WARNER BROTHERS PICTURE!!

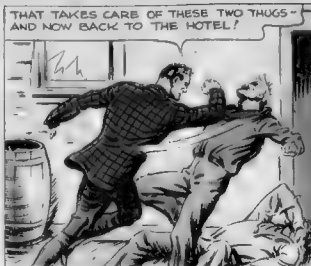
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

by ZANE GREY

AS THE BOAT BEARING BETTY AND KID SPEEDS AWAY, KING BATTLES WITH THE HENCHMEN OF JARVIS AND HALL.



ALTHOUGH CAUGHT UNAWARES, KING FIGHTS FURIOUSLY TO HOLD HIS OWN AND FINALLY KNOCKS OUT ONE OF THE THUGS.

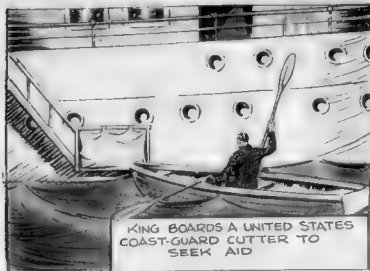


THAT TAKES CARE OF THESE TWO THUGS - AND NOW BACK TO THE HOTEL!



ONE OF THEM HELD ME HERE, WHILE THE OTHERS MADE OFF WITH YOUR PEOPLE. WE FOLLOWED, BUT LOST THEM DOWN BY THE WATER.

QUICK-TELL ME, DID YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF AN ENGINE?



KING BOARDS A UNITED STATES COAST-GUARD CUTTER TO SEEK AID.



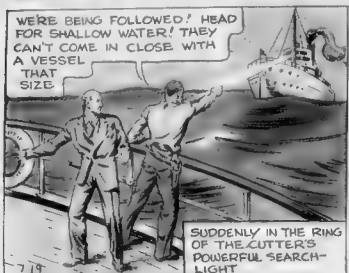
THEY'LL HEAD SOUTH BECAUSE JARVIS' IDEA WILL BE TO GET INTO CANADIAN TERRITORY IN-AS-MUCH AS HE COMMITTED THIS ABDUCTION IN ALASKA!

THE CAPTAIN OF THE REVENUE CUTTER PROMISES KING EVERY SUPPORT.



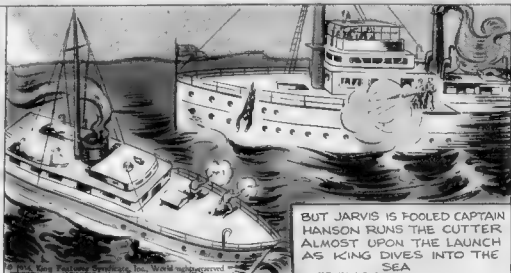
I HAVEN'T ANYTHING ON HIM IN CANADA, SIR-SO WE MUST STOP THEM!

WE WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM, SERGEANT, DON'T WORRY.



WERE BEING FOLLOWED? HEAD FOR SHALLOW WATER! THEY CAN'T COME IN CLOSE WITH A VESSEL THAT SIZE.

SUDDENLY IN THE RING OF THE CUTTER'S POWERFUL SEARCH-LIGHT.



BUT JARVIS IS FOOLED CAPTAIN HANSON RUNS THE CUTTER ALMOST UPON THE LAUNCH AS KING DIVES INTO THE SEA.



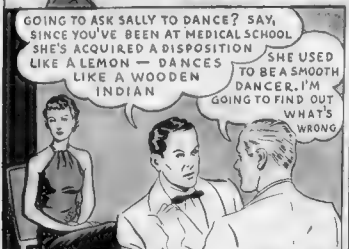
UP WITH 'EM, JARVIS, AND YOU, HALL - DON'T MAKE ANY BREAKS - YOU'RE THROUGH!

THANK HEAVENS, KING - YOU GOT HERE IN TIME.

THEM ABOARD - MEN - UNDER ARREST.

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF BAUER & BLACK

HOW HAPPINESS CAME TO UNPOPULAR SALLY!



GOING TO ASK SALLY TO DANCE? SAY, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN AT MEDICAL SCHOOL, SHE'S ACQUIRED A DISPOSITION LIKE A LEMON - DANCES LIKE A WOODEN INDIAN.

SHE USED TO BE A SMOOTH DANCER, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG.



I'M SORRY I'M SUCH A WET BLANKET, DOC, BUT TO TELL THE TRUTH I'VE GOT A CORN THAT'S KILLING ME.

THAT SHOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO FIX, SALLY.



WELL, IT ISN'T, I'VE PARED IT AND PARED IT - AND IT'S STILL THERE - SORE AS A BOIL.

THAT'S NO WAY TO GET RID OF A CORN, PARING ONLY TRIMS THE HEAD OFF. LET'S DRIVE DOWN TO THE DRUG STORE.



SALES LADY: EVERYBODY USES BLUE-JAY!

THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED TO GET RID OF THE CORN-ROOT AND ALL.



SAY, THAT'S WONDERFUL, I DON'T EVEN FEEL THE CORN NOW.

YES, YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER. BLUE-JAY STOPS PAIN INSTANTLY - AND IN 3 DAYS THE WHOLE CORN WILL LIFT RIGHT OUT.

1 2 3 DAYS LATER



DOCTOR JACK, YOUR FIRST PATIENT IS COMPLETELY CURED. THE CORN'S GONE - ROOT AND ALL. BLUE-JAY IS MARVELOUS.



SALLY, YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME ANOTHER DANCE. YOU DANCE LIKE A DREAM.

HOLD ON, I GET FIRST CHANCE. DIDN'T YOU KNOW SALLY AND I ARE ENGAGED.

AMAZING FREE OFFER!

• We'll send you free a special pocket package of Handi-Snips, the new, convenient mercurochrome dressing with pad for small cuts and scratches.

Just send us one empty package of Blue-Jay, the modern medicated corn plaster that stops pain instantly - removes the corn - root and all - in 3 days. Get your free package of Handi-Snips now. Have them to protect you from infection. Send the empty Blue Jay package with your name and address to Bauer & Black, Dept. 176, Chicago, Ill.

BLUE-JAY

CORN PLASTERS

Here's the special pocket package of Handi-Snips - that you get FREE.

CANNY GRANNY

SHE COMES TO THE RESCUE



SLIDE!

ATTA BOY! HOME RUN!



TOMMY, YOU'RE ALL SCRATCHED UP.

IF I FIX THOSE SCRATCHES RIGHT SO HE WON'T GET AN INFECTION.



THIS HANDI-TAPE MADE BY BAUER & BLACK IS JUST THE THING FOR CUTS LIKE THIS ONE ON YOUR LEG.

HERE'S A HANDI-SNIP FOR YOUR FINGER.



THAT CUT SHOULD HEAL IN NO TIME. HANDI-TAPE AND HANDI-SNIPS PROTECT CUTS AND SCRATCHES FROM DIRT AND INFECTION. THERE'S MERCUROCHROME ON THE BANDAGES, TOO.

CANNY GRANNY SAYS:

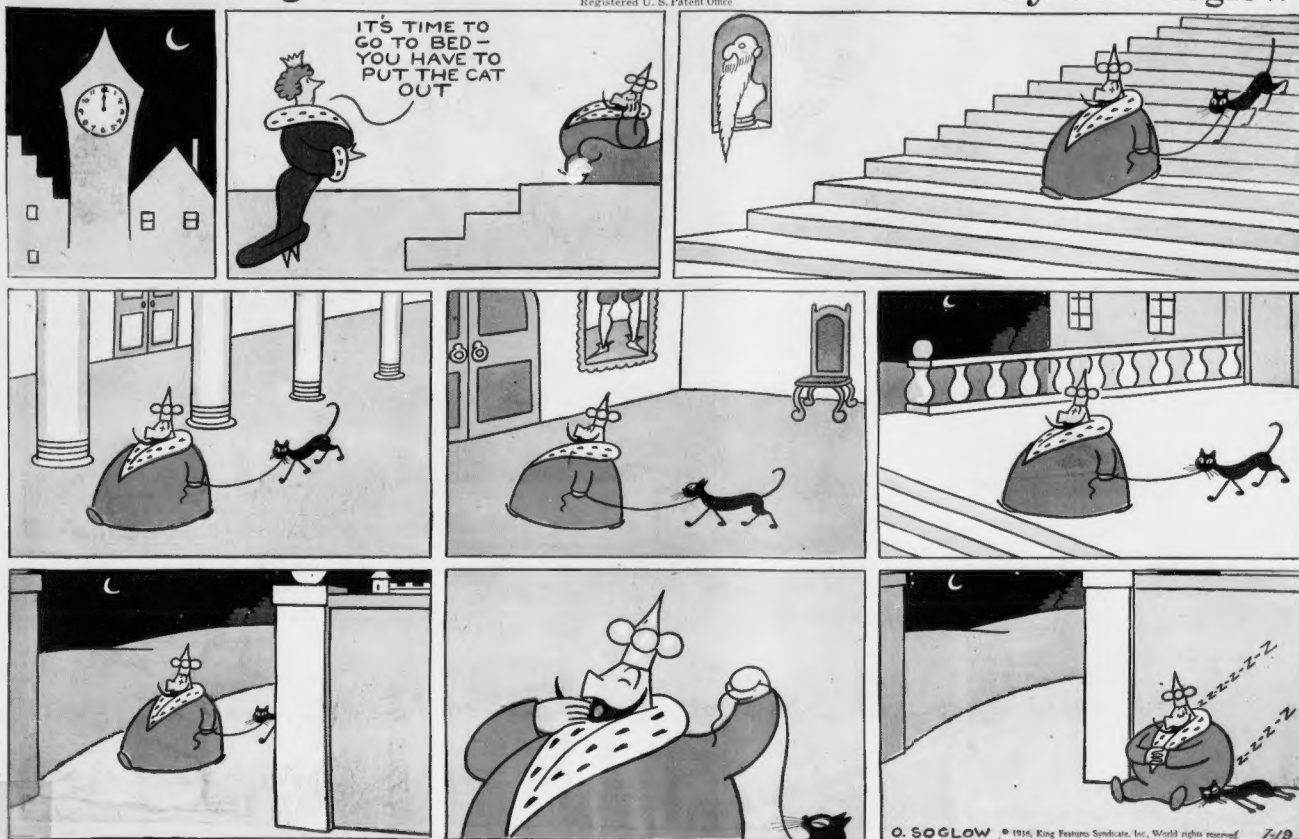
NOTHING AS NEAT AS HANDI-TAPE AND HANDI-SNIPS CAN'T RAVEL - CAN'T FRAY, KEEPS CUTS FROM BEING INFECTED, HELPS THEM HEAL QUICKLY. GET A PACKAGE OF HANDI-TAPE AND HANDI-SNIPS TODAY.

• Cuts and scratches may lead to serious infections - may cause the loss of an arm or leg or even a life - keep Handi-Tape and Handi-Snips in your home, car and office. Handi-Snips are miniature Handi-Tapes designed for a little cuts or little hands. Your druggist has them - 25 cents.

The Little King

: - :
Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Otto Soglow



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Dixie in Hollywood—Her Tip-off Takes



PEGGY LUX FOR PRESIDENT

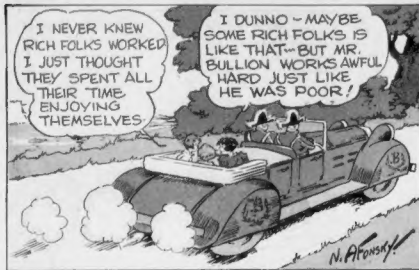
A VACATION HINT



Little Annie Rooney

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Brandon Walsh



AN ADVERTISEMENT OF R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.



OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

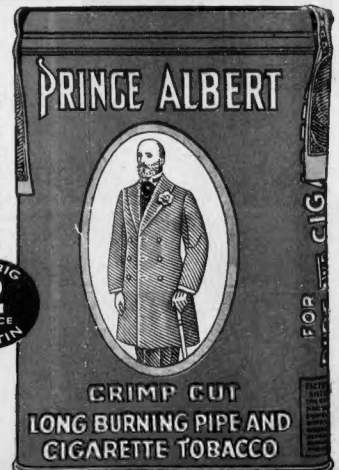
©1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.



THERE'S MIGHTY FINE TOBACCO IN P.A.



Steady pipe smokers find there's no other tobacco like P.A. for day-in-and-day-out mildness and smoke comfort. Prince Albert's naturally mild, fragrant tobaccos are made even milder and tastier by the special P.A. process that takes out all the "bite."



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

PRINCE ALBERT must please you!
Enjoy 20 Pipefuls of P.A. at our risk!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

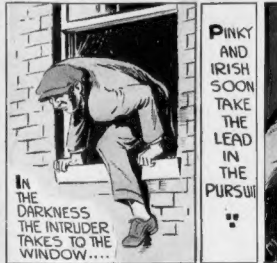
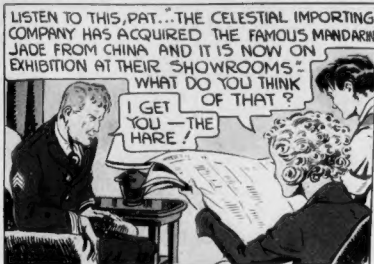
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY 2-OZ. TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

Radio PATROL

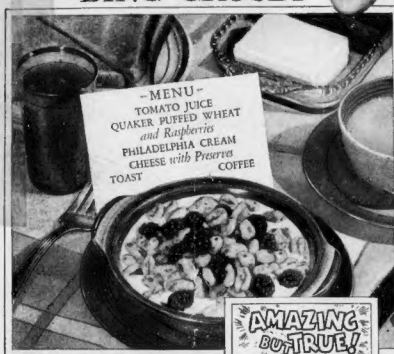
by
EDDIE SULLIVAN
and
CHARLIE SCHMIDT

Approved U. S. Patent Office.



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"Here's the Breakfast I vote for!" says BING CROSBY



BING CROSBY'S summer breakfast is a grand take-off for hot sultry days. First, appetizingly chilled tomato juice... then a big bowl of double-crisped, crunchy, ready-to-eat Quaker Puffed Wheat with plenty of ripe red berries... followed by Philadelphia cream cheese, preserves and toast. What could be more appealing to a lazy appetite! Your grocer is featuring all the ingredients you need to try BING CROSBY'S favorite breakfast. Have it tomorrow to start your day off right!



A MINUTE MOVIE with BING CROSBY and BOB BURNS "RHYTHM ON THE RANGE" a Paramount Picture



FREE! MOVIE STAR Photo Statuettes

Hurry! MAIL THIS COUPON

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY, P. O. Box 1083, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me photo statuettes of the movie stars which I have checked below. I am enclosing _____ Quaker Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice box tops.

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☐ JOAN BLONDELL	☐ RUBY KEELER
☐ CLAUDETTE COLBERT	☐ MYRNA LOY
☐ GARY COOPER	☐ JEANETTE MACDONALD
☐ JOAN CRAWFORD	☐ FRED MACMURRAY
☐ BING CROSBY	☐ ROBERT MONTGOMERY
☐ BETTE DAVIS	☐ PAT O'BRIEN
☐ NELSON EDDY	☐ DICK POWELL
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DINGLEHOOFER UND HIS DOG -BY KNERR-

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The Katzenjammer Kids

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